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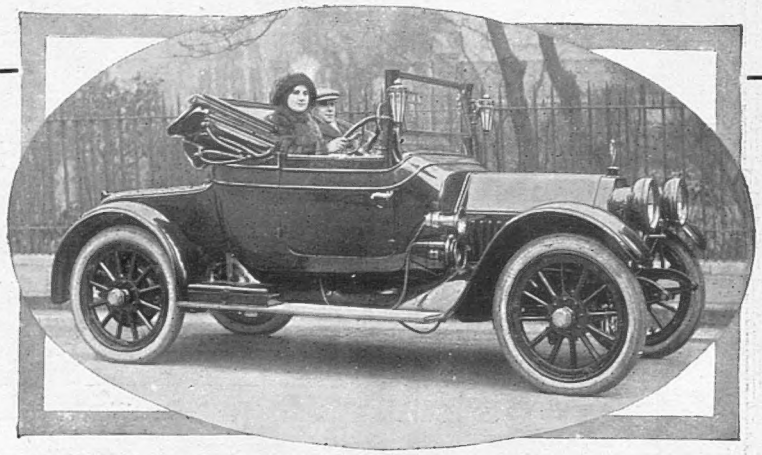

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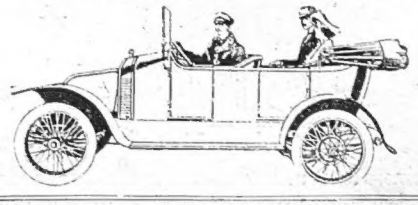

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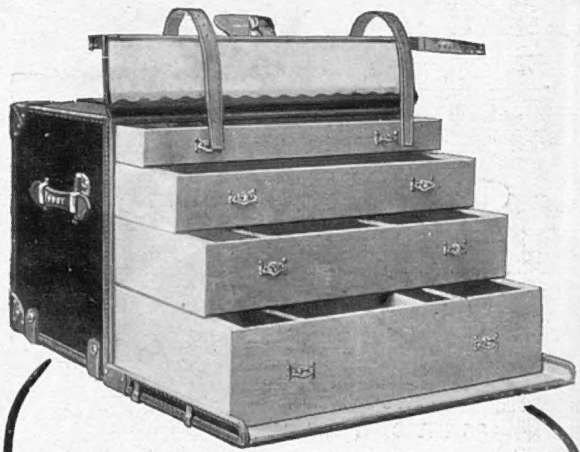

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# The BYSTANDER

*Photograph* *Lallie Charles*

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DUCKS AND DRAKES. By Marie C. Leighton. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
UNPOSTED LETTERS. By Marie C. Leighton. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
MARGARET AND THE DOCTOR. By Mrs. Ranyard West. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
TRAVELS IN THE PYRENEES. By V. C. Scott O'Connor. (Long: 10s. 6d. net.)
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# BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

### A Tall Order

Those people who still take interest in what are known as "politics" are idly asking themselves whether the Lords, in rejecting all the Liberal Bills, are cleverer than they appear to be on the surface. To the ordinary man in the deck-chair or smoking-carriage Lord Lansdowne seems to have taken on a tall order. He did not calculate very well on his rejection of the Budget, and that was only one Liberal Bill. To throw out three seems to be "asking for it." But his wisdom is, this time, we hope, superior to that of the man in the deck-chair and smoking-carriage.

***

### Lacking in "Blood and Iron"

As I said last week, no protest on earth or below the earth can prevent the succession of Sir Rufus Isaacs to the Chiefship, and the only hope for those who do not approve of the appointment is for some protest from above the earth. Unless a murrain seizes on the Government before the appointment becomes actual Sir Rufus will be made the chief judge among us for so long as he, and we, shall live. Murrains seem, however, to be very coy in these days, even against Radical Governments. Mr. Asquith is credited with the intention to reconstruct, and there is a very circumstantial rumour to the effect that Mr. Birrell is to leave the Irish Office, not being a man sufficiently of blood and iron to see the Ulster affair through to its bitter end, and to take a sinecure post.

***

### Kitchener for Ireland?

But who is the "strong man" the Cabinet has in mind to pacify Ireland under Home Rule? I look round in vain upon the faces of the actual Coalition for that Bismarckian look. It cannot be, can it, that they have roped in Lord Kitchener, whose recall from Egypt and frequent conferences with Ministers have excited a good deal of attention? Half an Irishman himself he would certainly understand the problem before him, but I very much doubt whether coercion of Ulster would appeal to even his stony heart. For my part, as an independent bystander, I am fully prepared to see Home Rule pass, not being at all sure that the opposition against it is nowadays worth the paper from which it is read. One may believe that Separation is as big a mistake as one always has, but many people are inclined to say "Give it a trial," and if it turns out a disaster—well, we have an Army and a Navy, and Ireland is not so far as, and ever so much smaller than, South Africa.

***

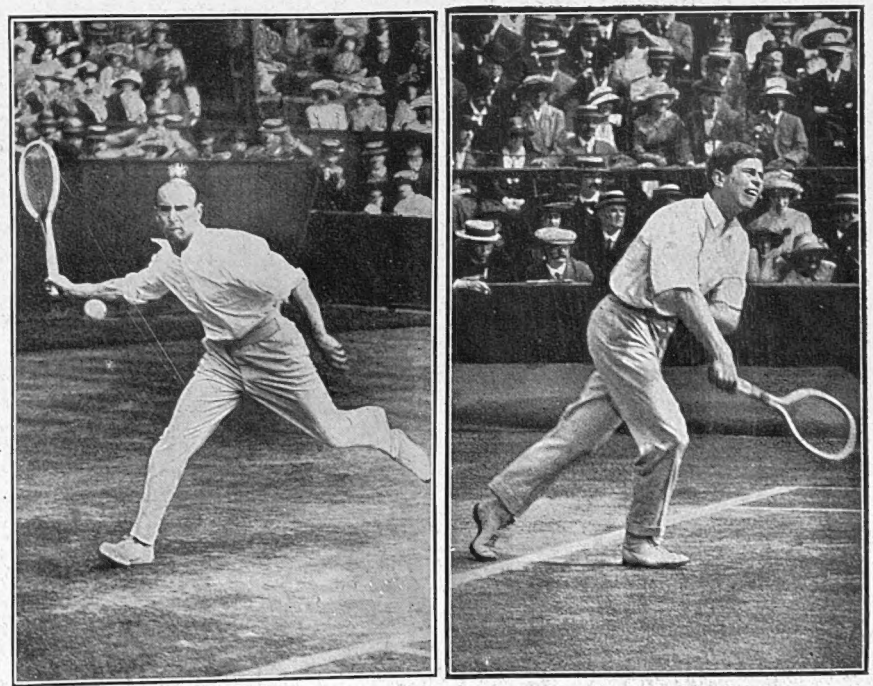
### More Wrangling

Abroad six nations are manœuvring for positions on a scrap of paper ready for a scrape of the pen. The actual fighting seems to have ceased, and the wrangling will now be the order of the day. I don't believe myself that the Turk will stay in Adrianople. His venture there was simply by way of humorous illustration to the Turkish proverb: "When a man hath taken thy coat and thou hast let him have thy cloak also, wait until he meeteth his brother as he walketh down the street, and as they fight for that which has been stolen from thee, steal thou up behind them and take back thine own and more also."

***

### "London in August"

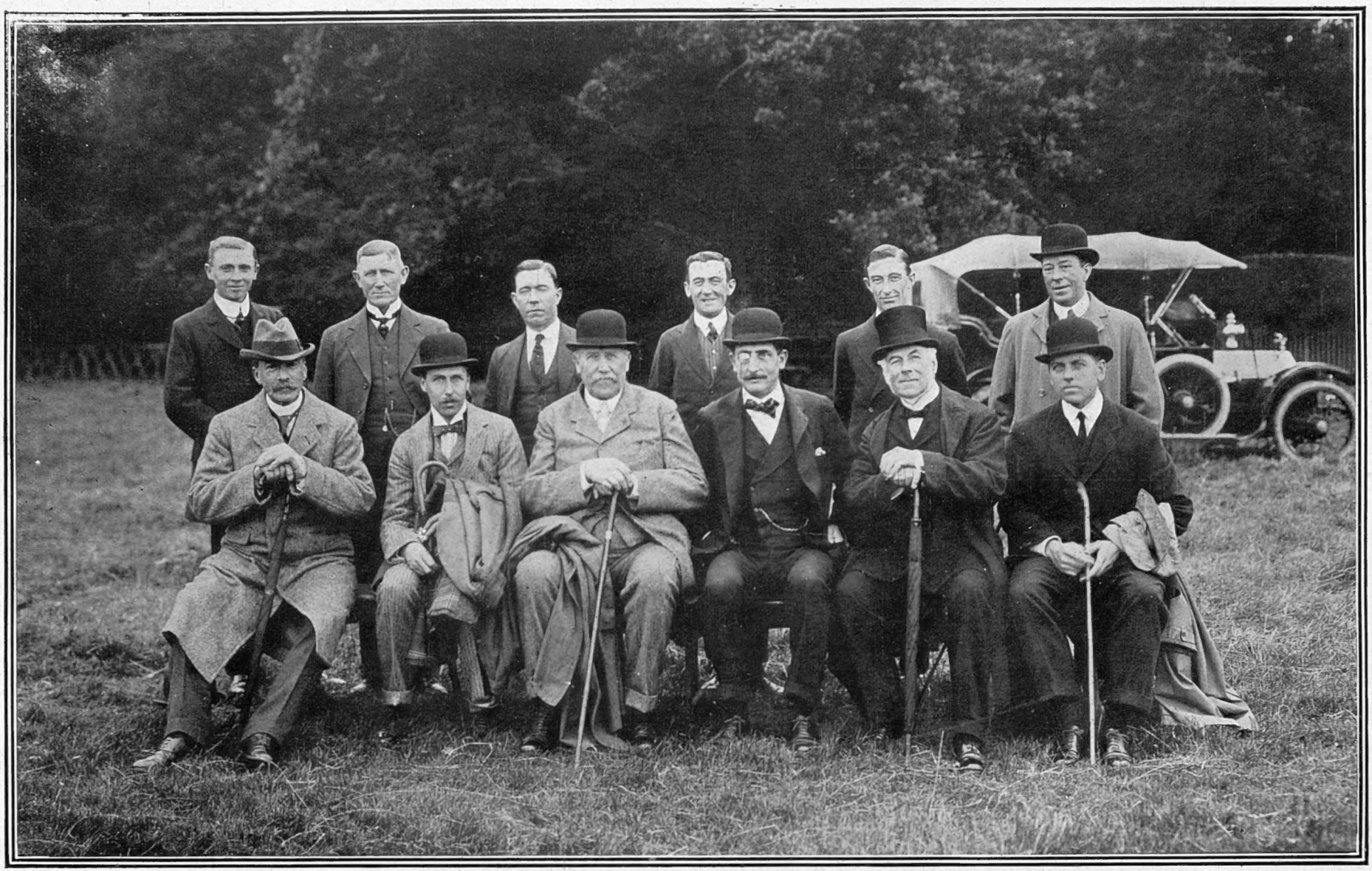
As a protest against the tendency on the part of the Press to regard London as "empty" with the passing of its "season," we shall issue next week a second London-in-August Number.



J. C. PARKE (BRITAIN) AND M. E. McLOUGHLIN (AMERICA)

Whose fine match at Wimbledon in the competition for the international Davis Cup was won by Parke by 3 sets to 2. Parke owed his victory to a mastery of McLoughlin's service, and is here seen taking it from the back of the court

# A Notable Group of Sportsmen



*Photograph* *Howard Barrett*

**Names from left to right:** (*standing*) Herbert Norman (Cottesmore), Fred Earp (Lord Harrington's), George Leaf (Quorn), H. Cumpstone (York and Ainsty), P. Farelly (Bramham Moor), and Ben Capell (Blankney); (*seated*) Earl Manvers (Rufford), Mr. Bouch (Belvoir), Duke of Beaufort (M.F.H.), Lord Robert Manners (Belvoir), Rev. Cecil Legard (the famous judge of foxhounds), and Mr. R. E. Strawbridge (Cottesmore)

This photograph of well-known masters of foxhounds and huntsmen was taken exclusively for "The Bystander" at the Belvoir Hunt Puppy Show, held on July 23rd.

# Racing and the Public Interest

MR. RICHARD WOOTTON MR. ROBERT S. SIEVIER
Plaintiff and defendant in the recent "cause célèbre." Mr. Sievier is, as a result thereof, indebted to Mr. Wootton the sum of one farthing, that being the estimated amount of damage done by the libel to the latter's reputation

## SHOULD TRAINERS BE ALLOWED TO BET?

### The Racing Lawsuit

To use a synonym of the Turf, the result of the racing lawsuit, R. Wootton *v.* Sievier and others, was a dead-heat. The jockeys of the case, represented by the eminent counsel and Mr. Sievier himself, were undoubtedly riding to win this time. They finished neck-and-neck after a long, stern race, and the jury were, apparently, unable to separate them after an exciting finish. Both sides are now claiming a moral victory, but Mr. Wootton has won his costs.

* *
*

### Should Trainers Bet?

One highly important question which seems to me to arise out of the case is whether trainers should be allowed to bet. I know that the suggestion that they should be debarred from doing so will arouse a storm of indignation among trainers, who vehemently declare that they cannot make their profession pay unless they win a bit by betting. It is obvious that the financial operations of an important trainer, if conducted on the grand scale, are liable to have a sordid influence upon the sport.

* *
*

### A Question for the Jockey Club

Taken all through, the training profession is composed of upright honourable men, but there are black sheep in this, as well as other communities. This being so, would it not be advisable for the Jockey Club to check their betting operations? The Turf authorities have the power to do so. Jockeys are forbidden by racing laws to bet, and no doubt the Turf would be a good deal purer if some restriction were placed upon trainers' advantages in this respect. Though the Jockey Club does not recognise betting, yet it knows that the public has a large interest in every race.

* *
*

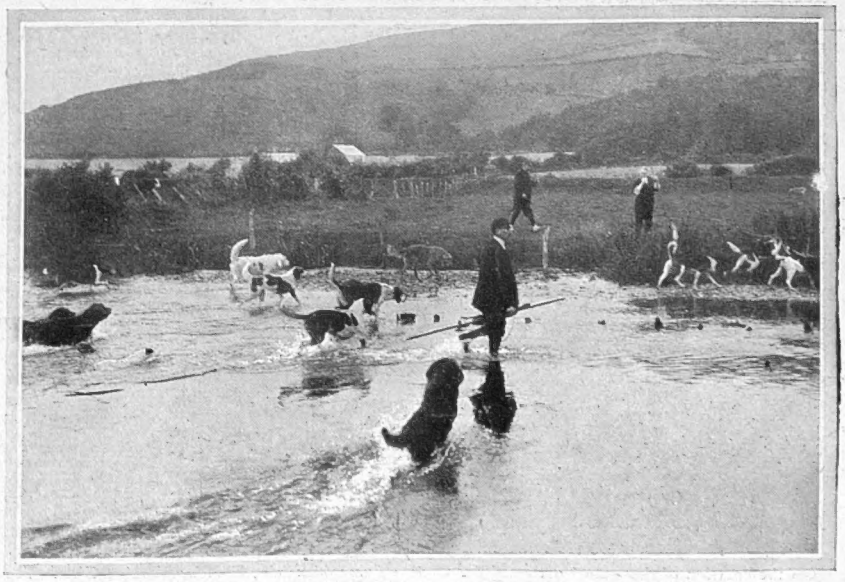
### The Public Interest

In order properly to protect that public the Club's duty appears to be to devote careful consideration to the question as to whether trainers should continue to be allowed to enjoy full license to bet. One result of such a restriction as I have suggested would be that owners would have to pay their trainers an increased fee. That would be a small price to pay for purification of the Turf.

* *
*

### Foul Riding and the Reason

Another point for the consideration of the Jockey Club is whether they should not take steps to improve the standard of race-riding. They can do this very easily by ordering that all jockeys should ride with longer stirrup-leathers than is now the custom. Nearly all the trouble in recent years as to so-called foul-riding arises out of the difficulty of keeping horses straight when the jockeys are crouched high on their withers. They have practically no control in this unsightly position over their mounts, hence all the bumping and boring which have been going on in late years. If the Wootton *v.* Sievier case induces the Jockey Club to take up these points the action will not have been fought out in vain.



*Photograph* *Sport and General*

OTTER HUNTING ON THE BORDER

A meet of the Border Counties' Otterhounds at Bryn Crug, Merioneth, showing hounds and huntsmen fording a river

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued*)

# After the Season—Goodwood

**"£ and $"**

I see that certain of my contemporaries who were well in the thick of the Marconi affair now refer to the £iberal party, and to Mr. £loyd George. Remembering that the transaction was not in English Marconis I shall content myself with speaking of Sir Rufu$ I$aac$.

* * *

**St. Swithin's Failure**

Saints on strike? Otherwise how account for the failure of Saint Swithin to carry out his contract to supply rain for forty days after delivery of the first instalment on July 15. The Saint, so far, has shown himself to be in a comparatively dry humour, though occasionally decidedly cold. The one fact established definitely by the present month is that there is no month of the year, not even July, in which you can be safe to discard winter clothing. The only consolation to us personally is that last week's temperature enabled producers of illustrated weeklies to consider the usual question of their Christmas number in seasonable conditions.

* * *

**"Nobody's Been Doing It"**

"Goodwood—and then the end of the London season"—that is how one would have put it in former years. This year, it is "the end of the season and then—Goodwood." For the Sussex race meeting, to which are straggling this week racegoers and pleasure-seekers, comes this year as an oasis in a desert to that section of Society which has any lingering devotion to "dates." Positively nothing has happened since the first of the month that has afforded material for Society paragraphs. Everybody has simply not been doing it—at all events paragraphically.

THE KING'S HOST AT GOODWOOD

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, with whom the King is staying for Goodwood races this week. On the left is Mr. Hussey-Freke, Clerk of the Course

**A Survival**

Goodwood is the very last survivor—altered out of all knowledge—of the old race-meetings which every big landowner used to give on his own estate. The estate in this case is, of course, the Duke of Richmond's, and His Majesty's fellow-guests at Goodwood House get a pleasant sort of feeling of proprietorship in the proceedings, the races being held on the edge of the park, with a private grassy drive through a beech avenue to and from the house.

* * *

**Strictly Private**

It is rather difficult to realise that Goodwood was once quite a democratic meeting, where the fine racecourse stood out clear and green among its lovely woodland surroundings. Now it is so overrun with reserved stands—for the Goodwood House party, members of the Goodwood Club, and other privileged persons—that there is precious little room for members of the ordinary public.

* * *

**House-Parties**

As for more ordinary folks, they just motor down from Town or put up at Chichester or Brighton, Worthing or Bognor—unless they happen to be staying at one of the big houses near. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are, as usual, having some guests at Arundel, Lord and Lady Leconfield are entertaining at Petworth Park, and Lord and Lady Cowdray have a house-party at Cowdray Park—which, by the way, does not include Lord Murray of Elibank, who is understood to be at present, so to speak, up to his neck in oil in view of the Government's latest contract forecast.

*Photograph*] ROYAL FIANCÉS' FIRST APPEARANCE SINCE THE ANNOUNCEMENT [*Campbell Gray*

On the occasion of the annual outing of the Church Army Alexandra Club for Working Girls. The Princess Royal, who is seated in the centre of the group, is Patroness of the Club, and distributed prizes to members during the afternoon. She was accompanied by the Duchess and Princess Maud of Fife (seated on her left and right respectively), and by Prince Arthur of Connaught (standing in centre). This was the first public appearance of the Duchess of Fife and Prince Arthur after their engagement

# The Bystander in the Courts

MR. E. T. REED AT THE WOOTTON *v.* SIEVIER ACTION

# Non-Militants in Trouble Now!

A WINSTON OF THE FUTURE

Master Winston Churchill Guest, eldest son of the Hon. Frederick Guest, M.P., first cousin of the Right Hon. Winston Churchill

**Beauchamp's Bart**

That indiscreetly impulsive youth, Lord Beauchamp, has gone and done it again, I'm afraid. Just as his "birth stains" were beginning to fade out of memory—they'll never be forgotten in Australia—he goes and invents a "disloyal" Irish knight or baronet yclept Sir John Bannatyne or Ballentine, of Ballymena, for whom records and reference-books have been searched in vain. As if it were necessary to invent a disloyal Irishman!

***

**The Solution?**

As a matter of fact, buried in the recesses of a *Times* report of the Carson tour there was to be found by a lynx-eyed observer the name of a John Ballentine of Ballymena, who is, apparently, a sufficiently patriotic Ulsterman to earn the epithet from a Liberal Minister, but has no claim whatever to the title, unless, indeed, he has been privately knighted by King—"Edward?" These Royal tours, you know!

***

**Duke of Canada?**

The Connaught wedding will definitely take place in October, before the Duke goes back to Canada, and there seems little doubt that before it happens a Royal Dukedom will be conferred on Prince Arthur. "Duke of Kent" and "Duke of Fife" have both been suggested, with some show of authority; but the first would be meaningless, and the second (obviously feminine in origin) rather too "in-law-ish" for the most uxorious of bridegrooms, while neither recalls extraordinarily distinguished memories. We do not, as may be remembered, favour the adoption of a Colonial title, as has been suggested.

***

**Press and Suffrage**

The Bystander is so disgusted by almost everything to do with the Suffrage that he usually leaves the subject severely alone. Which is worse, the Militants or the "Cat and Mouse" Bill, seems difficult to say. But worse than either is the attitude of the Press, which deliberately encourages militancy by refusing to chronicle the doings of the non-militants. For instance, the Suffrage pilgrimages through England, a striking and admirable instance of how things *should* be done, are not noticed in the papers at all, unless hooligans—largely misled by the Press into confusing militant and non-militant Suffragettes—throw rotten eggs and cabbages at the women participating in them.

***

**Government and Suffrage**

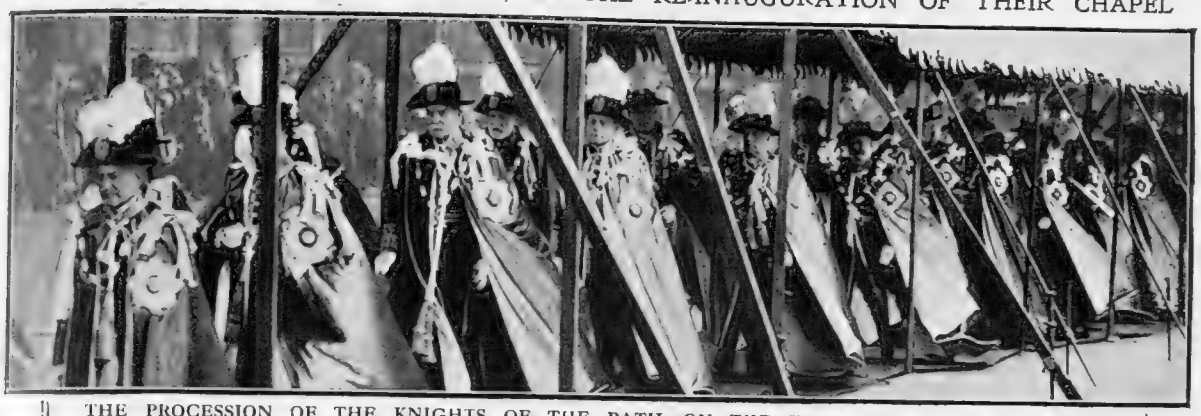
In the meantime Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and Lady Sybil Smith have been arrested for trying to see Mr. McKenna—an object that would, for them, I should think, carry its own punishment with it. The author of the "Cat and Mouse" Bill is, perhaps, the most unpopular man in England. There was one solution for the "hunger-striking" problem, and that was to let the hunger-strikers die. Anything else was cowardly, unjust—and profoundly humiliating to every man or woman of principle. The "Cat and Mouse" Bill is an infringement of the liberties Englishmen have fought for ever since Magna Charta. If the militants had not made themselves (and the Suffrage) so unpopular, the country would have got rid of it and its author in double-quick time.

MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE AND LADY SYBIL SMITH

Who were charged at Bow Street last week in connection with a recent Suffragette disturbance at Westminster, just as though, for all the world, they were mere militants!

# Knights of the Bath

## PARTICIPATE (RATHER WEARILY) IN THE RE-INAUGURATION OF THEIR CHAPEL



THE PROCESSION OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE BATH ON THE WAY FROM THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE KING IN THE PROCESSION ON THE WAY FROM THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

LORD KITCHENER (NEAREST CAMERA) IN HIS ROBES

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM KENNEDY ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR

The camera fails, as usual, we fear, to reproduce on the faces of the participants the intense interest they must all have felt in the re-inauguration of the Order of the Bath in the Chapel of Henry VII. at Westminster. Incongruously enough, everybody—including, we fear, H.M. the King—looks profoundly bored, and only the Westminster boys, shown in the bottom corner, look interested, and not too respectfully so at that

SPECTATORS FROM WESTMINSTER SCHOOL IMPART A LITTLE LIVELINESS TO THE PROCEEDINGS

*BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)*

# Saving the Empire—and the Strand Site

**A Chance for the Empire**

I am all aglow with enthusiasm over Earl Grey's project for the ever-green and ever-vacant Strand island site. A Dominion House would, it seems to me, be just the thing. What is the Empire for if we cannot rely on it to come to our rescue in real perplexities?

***

**Apples and Cornstalks**

Here is a piece of eligible building land in the very middle of London which nobody seems to want. London is the Imperial Capital, visited yearly by thousands of Colonials—I mean Dominioneers. What better than that, on passing along the Strand, they should find themselves confronted with apples and cornstalks from their homes across the sea? True, they can at present see said apples and cornstalks in the offices of their respective Dominions, but such offices are in widely separated districts, not all together. Australia, Canada, and New Zealand have, at present, to shine in isolated radiance at odd ends of the town, and as everybody knows, there's nothing your true Dominioneer dislikes more than to have attention drawn exclusively to his own country.

*Photograph* *Lafayette*

EARL GREY

Whose latest excellent proposal is for the erection of a Dominion House on the vacant island site between the Strand and Aldwych, on which he has secured a three years' option

**A "Towering Emblem"**

What we want is, as the *Daily Telegraph* says, to have a "towering emblem" which "casts an irresistible spell," impressing upon the millions who pass "the superb fact of the Empire's existence." It may be said that, in these critical days, people are apt to be impressed by buildings architecturally rather than by what they symbolise: one might be positively put off a pious memory by an impious structure, or, contrariwise, a nice building might reconcile one to an abominable object. Still, the time is coming—isn't it?—when, with Tariff Reform, we shall be blind and deaf to everything but the glory of the Empire.

***

**"Let's All," etc.**

Factors will flock to the Strand to know how many buttons a Canadian wears in his shirt and how many nails a New Zealander likes in his boots. Tourists will ask the nearest way to Woolomooloo, and whether there is golf there; while Puritans will pause outside its noble portals to offer up a silent thanksgiving that the site has been saved from the French, and London from the open-air café-restaurant, with, of course, the concomitant *cocotte*.

THE EVER-GREEN ISLAND SITE

A birds-eye view of the long vacant piece of land at Aldwych taken from above Kingsway, on which, it is to be hoped, will shortly be erected the Dominion House proposed by Earl Grey

# A Chance At Last (Bulgaria Permitting)

## TO LEAD HER REGIMENT TO DEATH, GLORY OR DIPLOMACY

H.R.H COLONEL PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA

Wife of the Crown Prince Ferdinand, Commander-in-Chief of the Roumanian forces, and niece of the late King Edward VII., being a daughter of the late Duke of Saxe Coburg, the Princess has at last a chance of showing what she can do in leading the Regiment of which she is Colonel, the 4th Rochiori, to death or glory against the Bulgar "enemy." (As said enemy shows no indication of fighting, the Princess would be quite safe!)

*BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)*

# Militancy Here on Earth

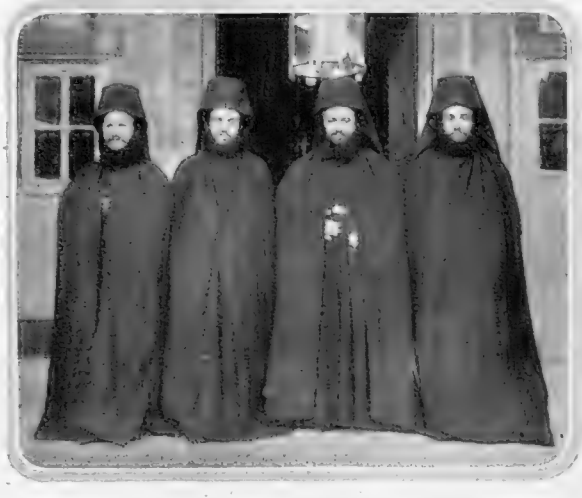
**Mediæval Ecclesiasticism**

There has been a fine flavour of mediævalism about ecclesiastical disputes lately. We began, a short time ago, with the law-suit about the validity of Bishop Mathew's orders which caused Mr. Justice Darling to remark that he seemed to smell the fires of Smithfield. Now we have the mutiny of the Papal guard, a body which, if not exactly ecclesiastical, at least survives to remind us of the tyranny of ecclesiasticism. These warriors revolted because an energetic commander threatened them with the discipline of real soldiers, and there was even a talk of calling upon Italian *carabinieri* to quell the disturbance—which would have given, I should think, the *coup de grace* to the temporal pretensions of the Vatican.

* * *

**At Mount Athos**

And for months and months the monks of one of the Russian monasteries have been quarrelling about the divinity of the name "Jesus," of all things in this world or the next. That really seems to bring the immortal pages of Gibbon to life again, those cheerful days when kingdoms were lost and thousands of men slain over the momentous question of *filio*, with or without a *que*.



THE MONKS OF MOUNT ATHOS

Members of the Russian Monastery of Vatopedi, who have been quarrelling about an obscure point of dogma, have turned out their Abbot and his adherents, and challenged the Archbishop to do his worst

**The Vainglorious Hussar**

The dispute at Mount Athos was announced to an astonished world by the Russian Archbishop fulminating against the leader of the new heretics (who had been a cavalry officer) as "a vainglorious hussar." That was too much for the fanatical monks who had embraced this new and strange doctrine. They turned out the Abbot and all who were faithful to him, and challenged the Archbishop to do his worst. Which he certainly seems to be doing, because the latest reports speak of soldiers and a gunboat, and the monks baring their breasts to be properly and traditionally transfixed! Truly a certain type of ecclesiastical mind never seems to grow up.

* * *

**Amateur Photography**

If you squander your useful leisure on amateur photography, you will find it well worth your while to enter for the three prizes—of 25, 10, and 5 gns. respectively—now being offered by *The Graphic* (up to September 30, 1913) for the three best pictures, with a guinea for any others which may be published. All you have to do is to fill up a special coupon which you will find in this week's issue of *The Graphic*.

TYPES OF THE PAPAL "STRIKERS"

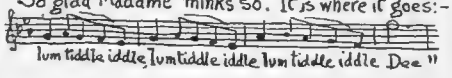
The Swiss Guard, which has been the Pope's body-guard for four hundred years, has been disarmed and confined to barracks, in consequence of open mutiny. The mutiny is in reality a kind of strike, for the mutineers demand all kinds of reforms, including the abolition of military drill, gymnastics, and other "unnecessary" routine

# Illustrated Interview with Mme. Pavlova

Waiting outside her dressing-room I experience a thrill as the "swan's" dress brushes by.

The divine one appears at the door. "So sorree I keep you waiting — In a meenit." she says in her charming English

"Ah! 'Valse Caprice'. Zee movement, it is good". "So glad Madame thinks so. It is where it goes:-



Tum tiddle iddle, Tum tiddle iddle Tum tiddle iddle Dee"

"Ah! 'La Nuit', good! Yes, that is 'ow I go, so."

Of a picture of the "Pas de Trois" "Ah no! no! You 'ave made the feet wrong. I cannot stand like that. See, I shew you - I fall."

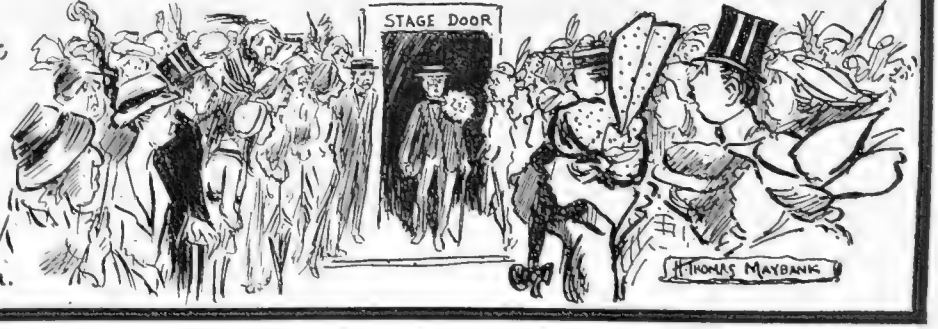
"Ziss is 'ow - so - you see?"

"No, no! Do not alter the hat, it is right. It is 'ow I ought to put it on myself."

When I am leaving, her dainty, sensitive, fingers affix a mammoth carnation in my coat. Carnation is for ever now my favourite flower.

"Will Madame permit—?" "Plezhair"

Embarrassing exit by the Stage Door, running the gauntlet of hundreds of worshippers that are awaiting a glimpse of the goddess as she emerges. They might have made an effort to hide their disappointment. Beasts! Wish they knew how I got that carnation.




Our artist having had a commission to do some water-colour pictures of Pavlova the Incomparable, is graciously permitted an interview for the purpose of correcting technical points, etc., with results as truthfully depicted above

BY THOMAS MAYBANK

# MATTERS MUSICAL

## LOOKING BACKWARDS

**The Musical Account**

July is, essentially, one of the two months in the year for making-up accounts, and, in this respect, the musical world is not unlike its commercial rival. But in July our musical account is only of three months duration—to wit, the London season—for the rest of the year is duly considered at the end of December or the beginning of January.

**Two Singers**

Now the London season is, from the strictly musical point of view, by no means the most interesting portion of the year. Fashion and music do not accord well together; there is a tendency to give more importance to the musical performer than the music performed. Yet I do not know that we have, with the obvious exception of Chaliapine, about whom more later, been dazzled by any new star of the first magnitude. Great efforts were made on behalf of Miss Florence Macbeth, a young lady with a quite remarkable and wonderfully flexible coloratura, who was hailed in some quarters as a second Patti. But Miss Macbeth hardly made good, though I think that, if she does not imitate Felice Lyne by putting too much strain on a young voice, she will eventually be a very good singer indeed. The most interesting of the new Lieder singers I heard was, certainly, Mr. Thornely Gibson, who gave a couple of admirable recitals at the Bechstein Hall. As Mr. Gibson's programmes were as intellectual as his singing he naturally failed to command any especial attention on the part of either Press or Public. Yet in his own way he is quite as good as the much-paragraphed Miss Macbeth.

*Camera Portrait* *E. O. Hoppe*

**A SUCCESSFUL VIOLINIST**

**M. Paul Kochanski, who has, probably, had the greatest success of any instrumentalist this season. M. Kochanski is an admirable musician as well as a good player—the two qualities not being, by any means, synonymous**

**A Fiddler**

Of the instrumentalists, M. Paul Kochanski has, without doubt, won the greatest success. A very rhythmical and agreeable violinist, he was largely responsible for the success of the Slavonic concerts directed by Mlynyarski. His phrasing and tone especially are excellent, and though, earlier in the year, he was inclined to play a little out of tune, he seems to have remedied the defect with the advent of the warm weather. In a great deal of his work he has been associated with Mr. Hamilton Harty, a proof, if any were needed, of his sound musical judgment and his freedom from that prejudice, too common among foreign *virtuosi* in England, against being associated with English musicians, often their musical superiors.

**The Eternal Question**

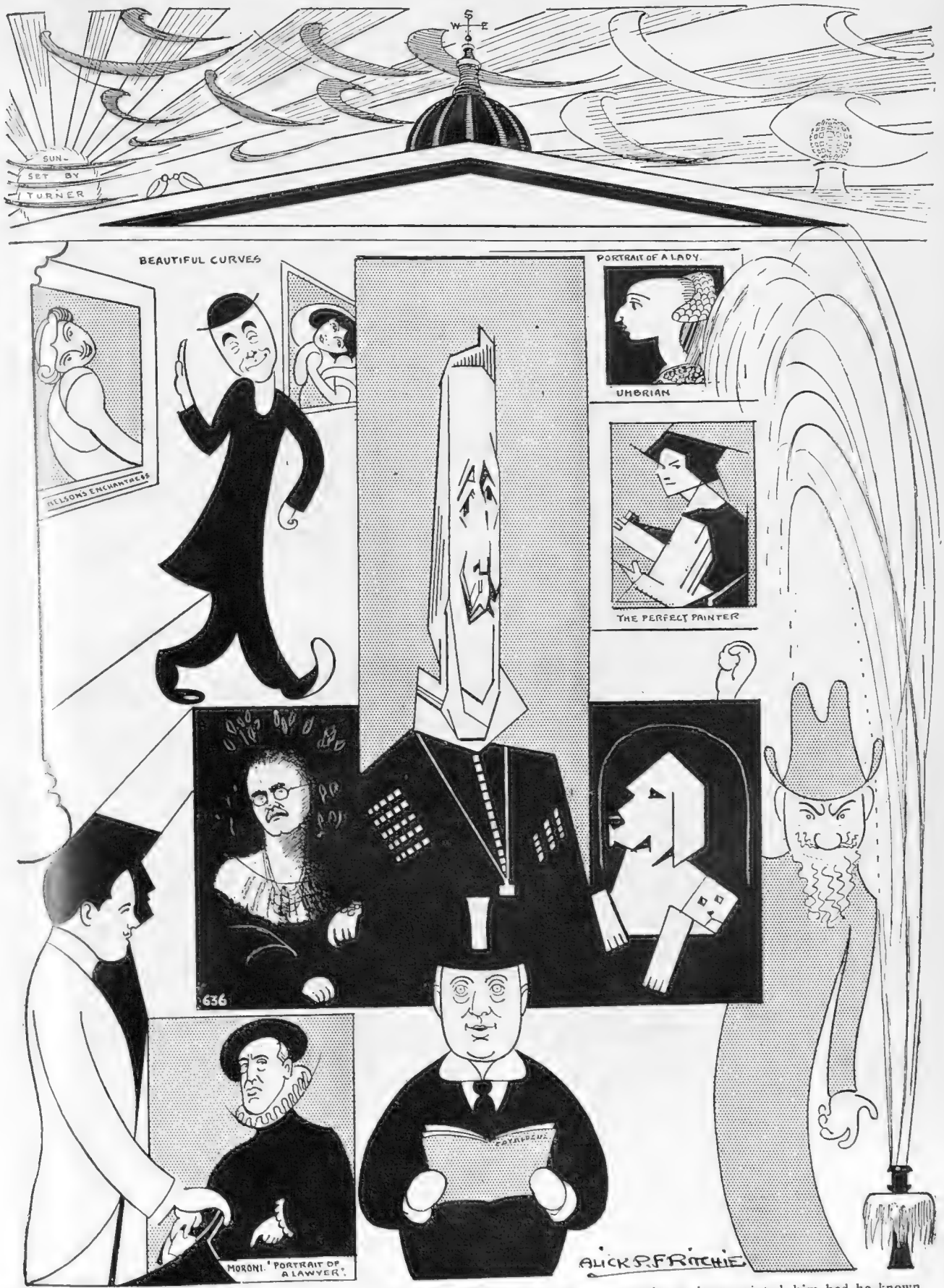
With but a passing glance at those not very successful experiments, the Saint-Saëns Festival at the Queen's Hall and *Ariadne in Naxos* at His Majesty's, we come to the ever-absorbing topic of Opera. In this direction, of course, the Russians at Drury Lane have had things all their own way. I have written so much and so lately on these amazing operas that it hardly seems necessary to deal with them again, to discuss whether the triumph at Drury Lane was due to the music or to M. Chaliapine. Both are inimitable in their respective ways, so let us leave the matter at that.

**Opera and Music-Hall**

The important thing about the Drury Lane season is its effect on Covent Garden. I hear, with what truth I know not, dismal stories of empty "Melba nights" and similar tragedies. Covent Garden deserves them, at any rate. A less enterprising theatre never disgraced a capital. Entirely devoted, as it would seem, to the interests of a few Italians, it throws a kind of annual sop to the Wagnerians, and then continues to revel in an almost unrelieved commonplace for the rest of the season. Truly the Italian story has been the same ever since Gluck. He had Piccini; we have Puccini. *Ecco!* Even in the art of scenery our only opera house seems to have learnt nothing. I was at "Eightpence a Mile" the other night, and, while admiring the charming dresses and a sense of decoration quite new to our music-halls, I could not help reflecting that Bakst and Reinhardt and Gordon Craig have had far more influence on the Alhambra than on Covent Garden!

FRANCIS TOYE

# Our Cubist at the National Gallery




In the centre of the page is a well-known portrait—Philip IV. of Spain, as Velasquez ought to have painted him had he known how. By tilting the paper and inclining your head a little to the left you will obtain the true impression. Lady Hamilton, the Umbrian lady, Vecchio's "Portrait of a Poet," and the "Portrait of a Lawyer," are all brought up to date, and to make page complete distinguished visitors are "thrown in"

*BY ALICK P. F. RITCHIE*

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

SO great is the Government's fear of snap divisions that Liberal M.P.'s may now only leave the House by the main door, after giving information to the Whips. Several recalcitrant Members are

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR"

MRS. GOSSAMER: "Jack doesn't like me in this bathing suit, and he's gone away in a huff!"
MISS SUMMERLY: "I'm surprised! The idea of a man getting angry over a little thing like that!"

said to be consulting Mrs. Pankhurst on how to get a "double."

* * *

We regretted to hear that Ministers were going to drop the Bee Diseases Bill. Why should not the poor Bees at least have been promised a few sanatoria, like other people?

* * *

Nicaragua, with President Wilson's warm approval, is to be formed into a Protectorate under the United States. One felt sure that the author of "The New Freedom" would soon want to give a practical illustration of his ideas to one of the smaller nations.

* * *

No pet dogs are henceforward to be allowed in transports, and the enemy who, in the next war, hopes by capturing one of our transports to secure a valuable cargo of prize Poms will—by the foresight of Mr. Winston Churchill—be circumvented.

* * *

Mr. Asquith let fall a few words of encouragement to agriculturists last week at Birmingham, and now the only difficulty seems to be to get enough labour to gather in a very poor harvest.

"I do not pretend that I am here as an angel," said Mr. Sievier during his trial a few days back, and many people maintain that this modest statement of the truth made the case so much pleasanter to follow than the late Marconi affair.

* * *

Are we again going to fall behind other nations in the race for supremacy? It looks very much like it, for up to date the Government has not shown the slightest intention of maintaining the requisite two-to-one standard in sand-yachts.

* * *

Builders of these novel boats, by the way, should bear in mind that the surface to be traversed at many of our leading seaside resorts is not always sand. Sand-yachts should be constructed so that they can glide equally readily over expanses of orange-peel, sandwich-papers, and the heads and tails of boiled shrimps.

* * *

Red-haired men, according to a contemporary, make the most formidable soldiers. If this is so, and there is a further decrease in the numbers of our

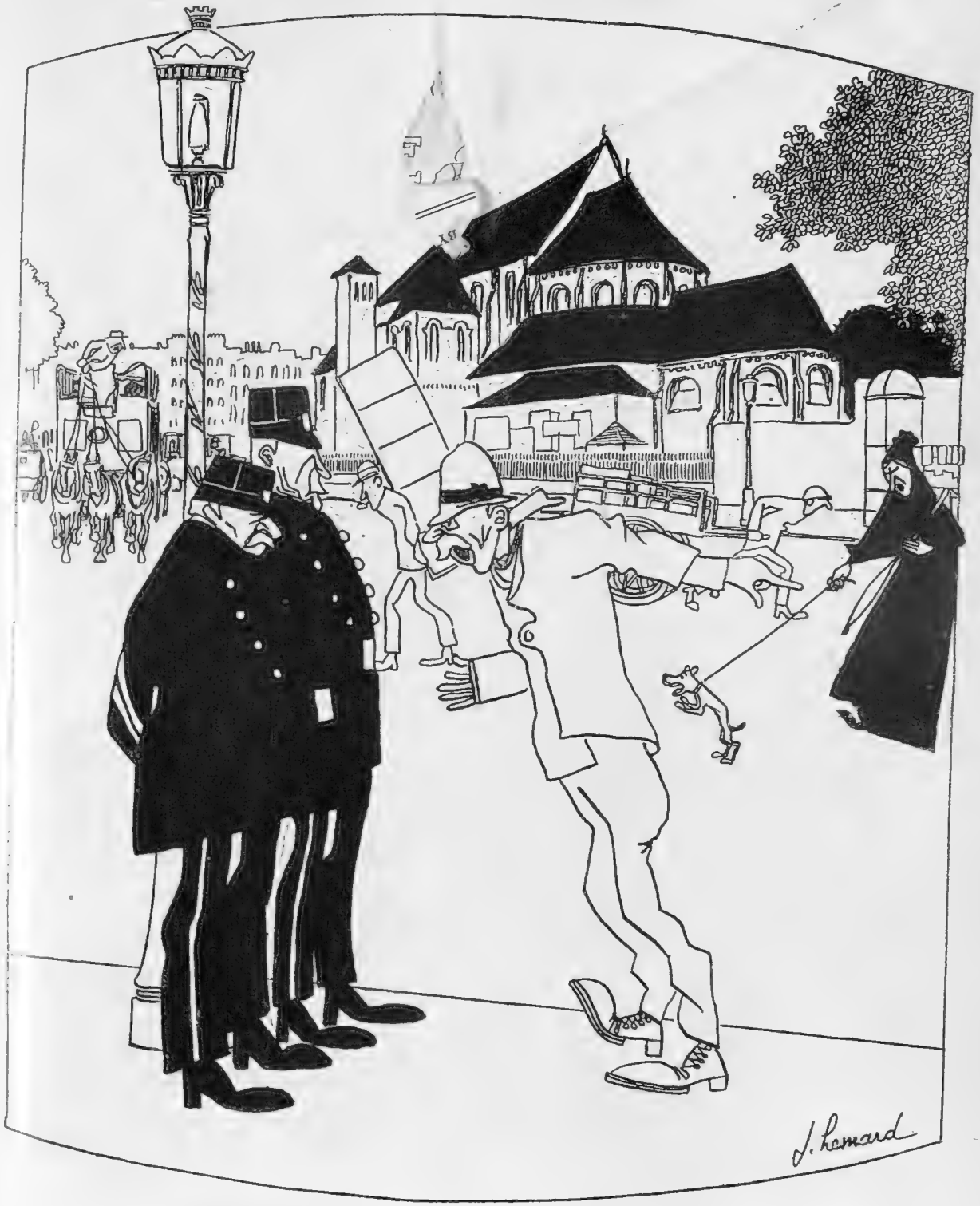
A DRESS PARADOX

"Certainly there is an orgy of undressing going on . . . . but, obviously, when you have gone on undressing for a certain time you come to the end of what there is to take off, and the only thing to do is to put your clothes on again"

(*Extract from a letter in the "Times" on Modern Fashions*)

By G. L. Stampa

# The Dilemma




INEBRIATE: "Officer, tell me! Is this the other side of the road?"
GENDARME: "No, it is opposite"
INEBRIATE: "But they told me over there that this was it"

*BY J. HEMARD*

Territorials, we hope that Colonel Seely will make a point of supplying the nucleus with permanganate of potash, or whatever it is that gives that auburn tint which goes so well with freckles.

* * *

The visit of the jury to Knole is not likely, we gather, to become a precedent. We are glad to know this, for lots of jurymen, we feel sure, would be embarrassed if after acquitting a gentleman for, let us say, burglary, the latter were to invite them down afterwards "to have a look at his little treasures."

* * *

"A handkerchief vest, for which brown and grey silk, dashed with orange, would account most smartly, is crossed in *fichu*," says a fashion writer in one of the daily papers, "and buttoned with topaz balls set diagonally." It sounds awfully jolly, but personally we shall go on in the old-fashioned dowdy way of buying our vests and our handkerchiefs separate.

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

# "The Barrier" at the Strand Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE great thing in Alaska, I understand, is to be the quickest to "get the drop" on the other man. That is to say, as soon as he looks as if he were getting dangerous you whip out your "shooting iron" and appeal to him to throw up his hands otherwise it will be your painful duty to make him feel extremely unwell. There is a fine exhibition of this manner of settling differences in the first act of this play. An officer of the United States Army is calling on a local storekeeper. Presently a "bad man" strolls in, and after the nature of his kind begins looking for trouble. In a flash the officer gets "the drop" on his victim, and the "bad man" throws up his hands with prudent promptitude. Then the officer, with a confiding and green simplicity which I should hardly have associated with a practical soldier, requests the "bad man" to hand over his revolver. I mean, when you have got a man covered with the idea of keeping his hands away from the trigger, it can hardly be a safe proceeding to allow him after that to touch his "shooting iron" under any circumstances. Naturally, the expected happens. The "bad man," while delivering up his weapon, thoughtlessly pulls the trigger, and but for the foresight and resourcefulness of a gentleman behind the counter, who throws a bottle of whisky at the "bad man's" head, there would be a vacancy in the U.S. Army.

THE SALOON-BAR TOUCH

An example of the terror-stricken inhabitants of Black Bear Creek is seen in the gentleman hiding behind the bar—and no wonder!

The shooting is quite a prominent feature of this play, but it is not the only feature. The Arabs say: "There are only two subjects worth discussing, War and Women. We know all about War: let us talk about Women." The woman in this play is a fair girl called Necia. She is, apparently, the daughter of a storekeeper named Gale and his Indian wife. The United States Officer hereinbefore mentioned falls in love with Necia at sight, and he has all but proposed to her, when to his horror he hears her call an Indian squaw "Mother." It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to explain that all comes right in the end, as it should do in every well-ordered play.

A POINT

A good deal of the excitement of the piece relates to the finding of gold. An old man with the picturesque name of No-Creek Lee, who has spent his life in looking for gold without any tangible result, suddenly comes upon a really satisfying quantity of the precious metal in a wild part of the country. Unable to keep his secret to himself, he tells his partner, who is the storekeeper named Gale; and then the girl Necia comes to hear of it. After that, of course, the wind carries the tidings about, just as it carried the story of King Midas's ears. "Bad men" from remote districts hurry up to stake out a claim, and the excitement is really liberal. Necia knows a nearer way to the goldfield than that taken by the others, and she proposes to the United States Officer that they shall set out at once. It is true that they will have to spend the night together in that lonely spot, but in her sweet and gentle innocence Necia attaches no importance to a detail like that. Nevertheless, there it is, as you may say, and in melodrama a situation of that sort is allowed to lose nothing of its romantic significance. Besides, I am told that this kind of complication interests the ladies tremendously, and, after all, that is the aim of our poor human life. What?

Necia succeeds in staking out the likeliest claim on the field, and when the "bad men" come along and try to prove her claim invalid they are silenced by what is now to us the familiar method of getting "the drop" on them. The United States Officer covers them with his revolver, and this time he takes care to see that their weapons are removed by somebody else. We all learn by experience. There is a final shooting scene to wind up with between the storekeeper named Gale and a "bad man," who proves to be Necia's father. It is all very fine and realistic, and at times the excitement is quite severe. In these days, when the cinematograph seems to be hitting the legitimate theatre rather hard, a play that combines the best features of the picture palace with the sound traditions of wholesome melodrama ought not to languish for lack of patronage.

JINGLE

# As They Like It

## THE WESTERN MELODRAMA THAT—AS ALWAYS—PLEASES THE PUBLIC

Revolvers, violent language, a duel and many lively scenes make up Mr. Philip E. Hubbard's four-act play, the name of which, *The Barrier*, comes from a supposed "colour barrier." This at first prevents Necia (really, of course, of white parentage) from marrying Lieutenant Burrell of the United States Cavalry. But, after the fashion of melodramas, all ends happily, and the play will probably have a long run

*BY NORMAN MORROW*

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE BOIS ON A FINE SUNDAY AFTERNOON

# HINTS ON THE "GREASING OF WHEELS" IN FRANCE

**Local Trains**

"It all looked perfectly simple on paper," said the big Englishman helplessly. He was standing beside a pile of luggage in the little country station, and the tail lights of the last Paris express were disappearing in the distance. There was a slow train in an hour, and that would not take him into Paris till four o'clock in the morning, there would be no restaurant-car attached to it, and nothing to eat would be obtainable at the stations *en route* because the first big station to be reached would only be reached after the buffet was closed. There was an hour's wait for the slow train, but the village was two miles from the station, and there would not be time to go to the nearest inn and get back again.

**Tip the Driver**

"It all looked very simple in the railway book," he said again. "The local train was timed to get in here a quarter of an hour ago. I ought to have been able to catch the express quite easily." The poor man got no sympathy. "Why did you not tip the engine-driver of the local train?" we asked. He stared. "Tip him?" he said. "The engine driver? Is this done, in this strange country?" We explained that it was. We explained how. One of us had been in the local train a week before. It is a funny little tramcar kind of a thing which meanders across the country and does six miles in an hour—sometimes. The little stations are stationmastered by buxom Norman ladies, with each of whom the driver of the train, the conductor, and the spare hand who helps with the luggage indulges in some minutes chat.

**The Military Conductor**

It is always as well if you can to avoid travelling by the road train on which the good-looking conductor with the blue-and-white collar travels. That collar is usually clean during the first days of the week, and the conductor has a knack of looking very nearly a military man in his blue uniform. The stationmistresses like him, and the train is always half an hour late in consequence. Norman badinage is slow. But one of us had wanted to catch the Paris express last week, so when he paid his one franc fifteen fare he tipped the conductor the odd threepence-halfpenny, asked him to share it with "monsieur his colleague" on the engine, and the pair caught the train for him. Threepence-halfpenny, even when divided into two, will do a great deal in France if properly applied.

**Telephoning En Route**

It is quite amusing how many inconveniences Englishmen on holiday in France fail to avoid because they do not know the curious little oddities in the French character. The other afternoon I tipped the engine-driver through the guard and mentioned that I needed ten clear minutes at the townlet from which the express started because I had to telephone to Paris. "You'll never telephone to Paris in ten minutes," said the conductor, "*n'est-ce pas*, Monsieur le Receveur?" Monsieur le Receveur (the little town's little postmaster) was a plump little man with a martial moustache. He was laden with a big striped tent, and dressed in grey alpaca and a flannel shirt with blue-and-white cords to the low collar instead of a tie. He had been spending three hours by the sea, and was on his way home. He had a perspiring wife and two children and a basket of combative crabs by his side, and he was very indignant at the conductor's suggestion—so indignant that he forgot to pay his fares and gave him twopence for himself instead.

**Mutual Politeness**

I raised my hat to him politely. He uncovered a bald head, and bowed in return. "Monsieur le Receveur has a responsible position," I ventured (the little town dispatches at least eight telegrams and forty letters every market day), "and no doubt even on Sundays the telephone traffic is enormous." "There is always means to arrange oneself," said Monsieur le Receveur. I winked at the conductor, gave him another twopence *pour un sou de café* (Normandy has these little anomalies), and explained to Monsieur le Receveur the enormous importance of my getting through on the telephone to Paris before the train started. He would "occupy himself of it in person," he said. He would "derange himself." I protested that he was enjoying a well-earned

# Tortola à Paris

## WHERE SHE HAS HAD WONDERFUL SUCCESS AT "L'ALCAZAR D'ÉTÉ"

*Camera Portrait* *E. O. Hoppé*

MLLE. TORTOLA VALENCIA

Who has recently been charming all Paris with her dancing. In dance poems set to music by Debussy and Tchaikovsky she is wonderful. In her "Snake Dance," for instance, her white arms are veritably like two real snakes. One can see them twist and twine—almost hear them hiss. Mlle. Valencia was not long ago playing in London as Sumurun's maid at the Coliseum

holiday, and that I was confused. He insisted. He would "render himself in person to the post office," he said, and he "would make the necessary."

**To the Telephone**

The conductor came back (his collar was quite dirty that week, and he was in a pessimistic mood in consequence), and remarked that there was no telephone at the station except for the needs of the State. "But La Mère Michaud opposite the station has the telephone, let us see then," snapped Monsieur le Receveur. "If Monsieur will give himself the pain to press himself at the arrival the necessary shall be done." The necessary was done. Monsieur le Receveur, striped tent, hot wife, sleepy children, combative crabs, and all, trotted down the cobbled street to the post office ten minutes before I got to the station.

**No Complications**

La Mère Michaud, in a great state of perspiration and excitement, received me as the train stopped, exclaiming that Monsieur was wanted on the telephone. The engine-driver touched his greasy cap as I ran past him, told me that I had "twelve minutes full all the same," and the dirty-collared conductor trotted after me panting that he had "done himself the pleasure to order a third *sou de café* if Monsieur should find the time to clink cups with him and his colleague, the engine-driver, after that Monsieur should have finished his affairs." It was all ridiculously easy. There is really no complication in French country life if you know how to manage. If you don't know how you go back home saying that the French are impossibly unpractical. It is wonderful how threepence-halfpenny and the right form of words will grease the wheels, though.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

# The Bystander IN BERLIN

## ARTISTIC HONESTY

**Artistic Attitude**

ETHIC Germany is discussing Artistic Honesty. Artistic Honesty is a moral, discriminating attitude of artist to subject or model; and it gets its name because of something that happened with Ilse Frapan.

**"Not Respectable"**

Ilse painted a picture of a picturesque Hamburg courtyard. Hundreds admired it. Once as they stood admiring it she took a penknife, and slashed her picture in two. While friends held her hands, whispering nerve specialists' addresses, she tore herself free, and said "It's not respectable!"

**The Third Slash**

"It's perfectly," said the friends, noting that the small boy in the courtyard wore breeches. "I don't mean the figure," said Ilse, giving another slash. "It's the house—a vile abominable house!" And she explained that someone had told her the house had once been wicked. Vicious men had tenanted it; men who coined money; lived with other men's wives; wrote odes. To proclaim her faith that honest artists must paint nothing disreputable—even in the past tense—she gave the canvas a third, annihilating slash.

**Criticism**

Naturally this renunciation reached the Press, and symposia started. Most sympositers (is this *deutsch-englisch*?—ED.) laughed. But Anton von Werner was grave. He praised Frau Ilse in the words: "It's artistic honesty!"

*Photograph Eilert*

COUNT AND COUNTESS VON KOENIGSMARCK

The Count is a well-known German Anglophile, and is the author of "A German Staff Officer in India" and "The Markhor." The Countess was, before her marriage, Miss Norah Bashford, and was the translator of "The Markhor"

Now. Werner is a great man. He has drawn scores of Kaisers, town halls, Moltkes, Trumpeters of Saekkingen, insides of cathedrals and of cafés. He has gold medals from every Academy but the British. That alone would stamp him as great.

**The Awful Result**

Naturally his winged words flew, and gained acceptance. But some posed the problem: What would be if all artists were honest? The world's most famous, most infamous, masterpieces would perish. The Apollo Belvedere would be cast in the Tiber on the ground that Phœbus had nine wives; the Laocoon would perish because of the vices of snakes; Turners and Tiepolos would be slashed because there's no respectable house in Venice 'twixt the Customs and St. Peter's Island. The Hon. John Collier would chop out half of *The Cheat* and *The Fallen Idol*, and people would then know which was the cheat and which was the idol. Old masters would be condemned for painting their young mistresses, and even, says *Kladderadatsch*, the mighty Anton von W. would possibly come to grief.

**Artless Art**

Still, there are some compensations in Artistic Honesty. Half the world's artless art would fade away. London's statues would dwindle. After skilled Nonconformists' biographers had studied the youth of each hero, and exposed his falls from grace, a jubilant people, with loud cries of "Artistic Honesty!" would hurl the statues into the Thames. And the millions of idealised decorative nakednesses drawn from ladies of. . . . Even a plaster cast of Trilby's feet would fall victim to virtuous wrath.

# The Air Scare

## AND ITS EFFECT ON THE MAN IN THE STREET

*Photograph* *A. F. Shorter*

No, this is not a photograph of an (alleged) dangerous criminal escaping from the confines of his cell in the Old Bailey (vide *feuilletons passim*); nor does it depict an aviator who has been transgressing regulations and has had his misdeed visited upon him. Not at all: it is just one of the employés of the much abused telephone service trying to put things right in the City—and probably succeeding

"And hie him home at evening's close,

*Photograph*

AN EVENING STUDY AT WALBERSWI

# To sweet repast and calm repose"—GRAY

WICK, NEAR SOUTHWOLD SUFFOLK

*Wynford Stoinhurne*

# SPORTS and PASTIMES

"THE CROUCHER

Mr. G. L. Jessop has been in great form recently, and had a big share in his county's sensational win over Yorkshire last week by 2 runs. The attitude is characteristic. A ball well outside the off stump is evidently just going to be pulled to square leg

## CRICKET

### School Cricket

THIS is quite a school cricket week at Lord's, for Rugby and Marlborough, and then Cheltenham and Haileybury (who have a useful captain in H. D. Hake), are in succession occupying that rather weather-susceptible arena. I'm not sure that the growing custom of having public-school matches at Lord's is altogether a good thing in the way of getting a representative display from the players, in view of the unfamiliar circumstances and some very natural nervousness.

### The Lord's Pitch

And though, of course, in theory it makes the conditions apparently much more equal for both sides than the plan adopted by Winchester and Eton, for instance, of playing at each school in alternate years, in practice the Lord's pitch varies so tremendously with changes of weather from day to day that this advantage may be very heavily counterbalanced. But from the mere spectator's point of view public-school cricket, with its immense freshness and keenness, is, at any rate, a very pleasant variation on the ordinary programme.

### Kent Well on Top

Though professionals are now outnumbering amateurs in the Kent team, the "pros." are an exceptionally sporting lot, who nobly maintain the good old county traditions, and the supremacy of Kent in the Championship is as popular as ever. Their lead was very much strengthened last week by two simultaneous events—their victory over Lancashire and Gloucestershire's defeat of Yorkshire, the present runners-up. The former was a probable, but the latter a very unlikely, contingency, which made a great difference in the relative percentages. For Yorkshire dropped heavily, while their rivals regained the point they lost by their first innings victory over Yorkshire just before—that really astounding anomaly of the present system of scoring!

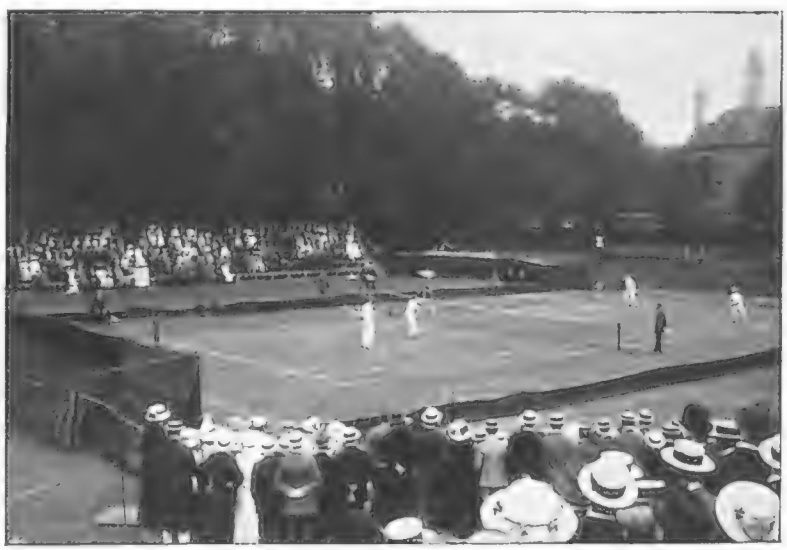
### "The Croucher"

Gloucestershire's remarkable two-run victory (which recalls the still more momentous one-run win by Gloucestershire over Yorkshire seven years ago) was, of course, Jessop's triumph, for in a low-scoring match he made over 100 runs besides taking half a-dozen wickets. "The Croucher"—whose methods still remain arresting in an increasingly unorthodox age—has, indeed, shown splendid form recently, not only in county matches, but in Gentlemen *v.* Players, and it is rather amusing to reflect that he was nearly left out of the Lord's match. Whatever their actual place in the list, Gloucestershire can now boast of having beaten both the two leading counties, even if their defeat of Kent was something of a fluke.

## TENNIS AND LAWN TENNIS

### Veterans of Sport

Veterans—to speak in comparative terms—have certainly been very much to the fore in sport just lately. Mr. Eustace Miles has just won the M.C.C. Gold Prize for tennis for the fifteenth time, and in lawn tennis the British Isles have just taken the field in the challenge round of the Davis Cup—I am writing before the result is known—with a team containing three men out of the four nearer forty than thirty. I don't pretend to draw any moral, and I don't think there is one—except that we may just as well rejoice over the activity and fitness of the present age,



*Photograph* *Sport and General*

DAVIS CUP DOUBLES: A SNAPSHOT OF THE AMERICAN PAIR

In their semi-final against Canada, whom they beat in straight sets at Nottingham. The United States team met the holders, the British Isles, at Wimbledon this week-end in the challenge round, the result of which was not yet decided at the time of going to press. Hackett, the American Captain, can be distinguished at a glance from his more famous partner McLoughlin, by the handkerchief which swathes his heated brow

which can produce such splendid athletes in middle life, as bewail the alleged decadence those of a melancholy cast of mind discover in the scarcity of younger players good enough to oust them.

## OLYMPICS

### The Wrong Tack

Whenever I read anything about the proceedings of the Olympic Committee (or is it Council?)—which, thanks to the fact that they don't often proceed is singularly seldom—I must honestly confess that I'm bored stiff and stark. I approach the matter with a receptive mind; I take a keen interest in every kind of sport, except, perhaps, javelin-throwing and hop-skip-and-jump; but the whole Olympic agitation (if one can use so vigorous a word for so halting an enterprise) seems to me injudicious where it isn't futile. It was born just a year ago, after the Olympic Games at Stockholm, in which at the time few people in England took anything but an academic interest. It was fathered by the melancholy gentlemen I have already referred to, who always seem to have an extraordinarily keen eye for anything that may seem to support the idea of England's decadence, and burst upon the nation, unconscious of its coming doom, through the medium of a halfpenny Press which finds it pleasant and profitable to make its readers' flesh creep in a mild and gentlemanly manner.

THE WORLD'S SCULLING CHAMPION

Ernest Barry, who comfortably defeated the Australian, Harry Pearce, in the race for the world's championship, a challenge cup and £500 a side, over the Putney to Mortlake Course last week. He is here shown reading a telegram of congratulation from Lord Desborough on his victory

### "Pushing the Chisel"

But 90 per cent. of the people who play games, as distinguished from those who read, write, and talk about them, continued, and still continue, in their condition of fatal apathy, in spite of all the "patriotic" talk, which was, perhaps, best summed-up in "A.A.M.'s" brilliant little forecast of an international competition for "pushing the chisel" in *Punch* at the time. The fact is that, excellent as may be some of the Council's, or Committee's, ideas on the subject of the promotion of sport, the whole principle is diametrically opposed to the root-idea of sport in England, which one may summarise, perhaps, as "sport for sport's sake," and which is to play a game, and as many games as possible, hard and seriously from start to finish, and yet without ever quite forgetting that it is a game. Many Continental nations have passed through two stages. First of all they played games in a desultory sort of way, paying none too close attention to the rules and making rather a child's business of the whole thing. From that some of them have now jumped to a semi-professional attitude, going out to win only and paying players' expenses to that end in quite the gladiatorial manner. England, meanwhile, has kept steadily on her old course, and though she may suffer occasional defeats here and there, I venture to say that she will retain a more real supremacy that way than by going in for any schemes for the subsidizing of special sports, professional training, and so on. F. L. M. D.

DIANAS OF THE TIDEWAY: THE START FOR A LADIES LONG-DISTANCE SWIM

Ten members of the Surrey Ladies' Swimming Club joined in a long swim in the Thames last week. They started from Molesey Lock, and two of them—Miss Pansy Seaby and Miss Hilda Coles—covered over six miles

# The Bystander in the COUNTRY

TOBACCO-GROWING IN NORTH WALES
At Glasfryn, 400 ft. above sea-level. The yield of leaf is 1,000 lbs. per acre

## SHALL WE GROW OUR OWN TOBACCO?

THE little boy was not impressed by the story of God being angry with the Israelites for making a golden calf. When he was asked why, he replied, "Oh, just like God; anybody else would have laughed!" It is difficult, no doubt, not to be wroth with our politicians at times. As an ordinary thing, however, we may do well, perhaps, to laugh.

* * *

THE attitude of Parliament towards the great problem, "Shall We Grow Our Own Tobacco?" is certainly amusing. With the good will of the House of Commons, the excellent Development Commission —for which Peter will, no doubt, pass in Lloyd George —is spending several thousands a year in paying farmers all their expenses, plus a bonus, for growing tobacco, the very crop which our great grandfathers saw troops trampling down, at the behest of the Government, and the growers thereof fined something like £30,000!

* * *

THAT Prime Minister has often been quoted who explained how the attractiveness of the Garter lay in the fact that there was no damned nonsense or merit about it. Does anything about our Parliament more closely engage our affections than the fact that it does not really worry about consistency? With occasional aberrations it does what it has a mind to, regardless of previous votes. Where our French neighbours would be logical and be proud of it, we are illogical and glory in it. And that is undoubtedly where we have the pull. What are consistency and logic compared with common-sense?

* * *

IF ever the authorities took a common-sense step they have taken it in this matter of English tobacco. Instead of having interminable talk about tobacco-growing, and a thousand and one experiments on plots the size of a tablecloth, as was the case with sugar beet, the common-sense Development Commissioners have said "Let's set some practical farmers growing farm crops of tobacco, and see how the proposition shapes then." And more than a hundred acres will be grown in England and Wales this year, and more in the succeeding years in which the well-advised experiment is being made. When it is at an end we shall know, for a definite expenditure, exactly where we are—whether we shall start tobacco growing in earnest, or whether we shall drop the thing for good and stick to bacon, pigs, "turmuts," and the like. That is business-like experimenting.

* * *

WITH the consumption of tobacco in this country doubling itself in twenty years, and 99 per cent. of what we smoke produced by farmers who are outside the tropics, there seems no reason why we should not have a shot at tobacco-growing. Shortly after the introduction of tobacco into Europe smoking was recommended by a grave doctor as a cure for almost all the ills that flesh is heir to. Looking at the enormous weight of the weed burned to-day it seems as if his advice had been taken! Tobacco has been cursed and smokers have been disciplined by a King, a Pope, and a Sultan in turn, but the world goes on smoking. It is a far cry indeed back to the time when signboards might be seen in London announcing "lessons in smoking!"

* * *

DURING the last few days there have been several paragraphs in the papers about lady smokers, but there is nothing new in tobacco being smoked by both sexes. Women were among the earliest of English smokers, and is it not on record that the daughters of the Grand Monarch smoked?

* * *

WHAT one likes about the old Acts of Parliament dealing summarily with English tobacco-growers is their honesty. Charles II's Act, which stopped tobacco-growing in Ireland where it may still be seen growing literally as a weed, said plump and plain that it was passed for the benefit of the Virginian colonists. The enactment of that "most high and mighty prince, James," began, with a candour which has never been exceeded, "Whereas We, out of the dislike We have for tobacco." Are there not possibilities on these lines in the wording of present-day legislation?

# Alpinism at Home

## THE "MATTERHORN" IN AN ENGLISH ROCK-GARDEN

THE "MATTERHORN" AT FRIAR PARK, HENLEY

Situated at the summit of the rock-garden of Sir Frank Crisp. The "mountain" shown in the photograph is an exact model in miniature of the real Matterhorn. The snow effect is produced by the use of crushed alabaster

*Photographs*] A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ROCK-GARDEN [*H. N. King*

Sir Frank Crisp, the well-known authority on horticulture, for many years treasurer and vice-president of the Linnæan Society, possesses at his country house, Friar Park, Henley, what is perhaps the largest rock-garden in England. An excellent idea of its beauty and enormous extent may be gathered from the photographs reproduced above

# Yvonne La Terrible

## A RUTHLESS SLAYER OF HEARTS AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

MDLLE. YVONNE ARNAULD

Who is at present playing the leading part, that of Mme. Pomarel, in *The Girl in the Taxi* at the Lyric, a musical play that is having a phenomenal run. We have lost count of the number of its performances, but it must be getting on for 500

*BY EVA SAWYER*

# BACCARA.

## A Hint for the Government.

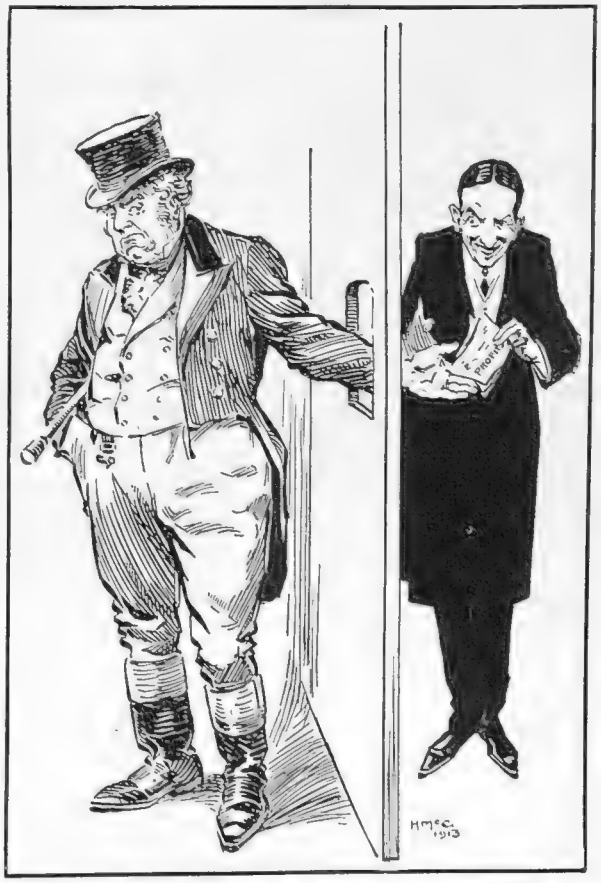
### RECOGNISE GAMING AND TURN IT TO THE NATIONAL PROFIT!

**A Nightly Chance**

The glorious opportunity daily, or, rather, nightly, lost by Mr. Lloyd George of taking from the rich to give to the poor must really be brought to the Chancellor's attention. Wherefore we do so, not actuated solely by a desire to assist Mr. George in the increase of his Budget, but rather on the principle upon which one gives a puppy a bone to prevent the destruction of the doormat. In other words, we offer Mr. Lloyd George *baccara* to play with—not at, for we conclude that he no longer has a taste for rash speculation—with a view to keeping him out of other mischief. Let him lend us his ears.

**London "Tripots"**

It may come as a surprise to the Chancellor and to his coadjutors to learn that the legitimate game of *baccara*, which the lower middle-class suppose to be confined to the land of France and its neighbours, is now very extensively played in the heart of London Town. So extensively played is it that the "private houses"—in reality nothing else but our old friend, the Paris *tripots*—to which smart youth, middle-age, and even old age resort every night for the sole purpose of playing *chemin-de-fer* or *baccara*, are numbered nowadays not by tens or twenties, but by well-nigh a hundred. It will, perhaps, astonish the Chancellor still more to learn that these *tripots*—let us call a spade a spade—are well-known to the police, so well-known that, forgetting the street number of one of them, we were actually directed to it by a passing "officer" only a night or two ago, and that their owners are often people more or less in Society or hanging on to the fringe of it, while in other cases they are notorious "crooks," who would not be allowed to set foot in a French club or casino—in one or two cases not in France at all!



"It would be better . . . . to recognise 'chemin-de-fer' and 'baccara' and profit by it . . . . "

**Recognised Touts**

And if the Ministers of this country have not had enough to astound them for the moment we will give them a little more. They may not know that these *tripots* possess their—now—more or less recognised touts, whose business it is to frequent the best hotels, the "American" bars, the race-courses, and so on with a view to "catching mugs"—in more polite parlance, to increase the number of gamblers. We were actually presented to one such tout only the other day in one of the best-known hotels in London. He was very well dressed; he was most affable; he was surprisingly generous. Moreover, he was hospitable, and invited us to come to his home off Piccadilly any night that suited us. "*Do* drop in," he begged as he left us. So charming was he that we most certainly should have "dropped" had a wise friend not informed us that the house to which he had bidden us was no more his than ours, that the game played there was not above suspicion, and that in any case the gentleman who ran it was certainly the reverse.

**"Stumer" Cheques**

We would not have it thought for a moment that all the existing *tripots* in London are necessarily wrong. There are some where to our certain knowledge the games of *chemin-de-fer* and *baccara* are played with absolute correctitude. But there are others where cheating is extensively practised, when he is lucky, or, better still, clever, who does not leave his money behind him. We know of one *tripot* that flourished in London not six months ago—it may flourish still for all we know—whose owner found it extremely politic to leave a neighbouring land which he had liberally sown with "stumer" cheques, to say nothing of passing under an assumed name. They would not have

allowed him to play *boule* there; here they permitted him not only to play, but actually to own a "club."

**One of Two Things**

The moral of all of which is very obvious. The Government must either suppress these *tripots* altogether or profit by them. By suppressing we do not mean making a raid on one or two of them because they are literally compelled thereto by repeated complaints, and fining those responsible for them sums which a week's *cagnotte* will easily repay, but destroying the whole business root and branch. It would have been comparatively easy to do so a year ago; it would be more difficult of accomplishment now; but it could be done. The other alternative is to recognise, or "tolerate," these *tripots* and profit by them. In other words, let Mr. Lloyd George and Co. take yet another leaf out of France's excellent book and help themselves out of what is one of the most lucrative businesses in the world. The French Government does it, and, when all things are said and done, it strikes us that were we to compare the present Government of England with that of France we should be inclined to give points to the latter. In any case it would be far better for the Government to recognise *chemin-de-fer* and *baccara*, and profit by it, than to do what it is doing now, and that is "winking the other eye at it," in this way encouraging rascality, lending its aid to what is often nothing else than pure robbery, and thus damaging the West End tradesman pretty considerably.

"Wiping out the London 'tripots' altogether"

**Suppression or Recognition**

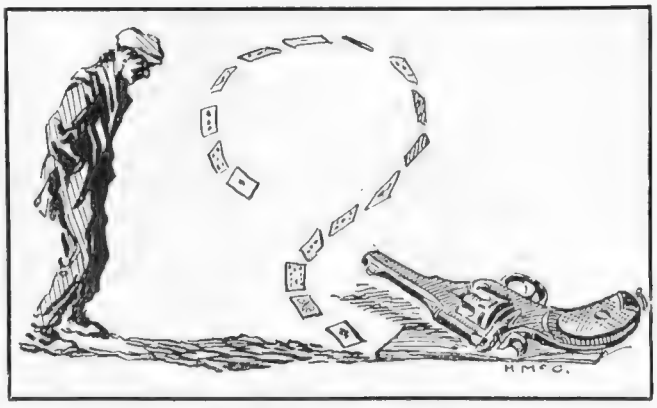
Were the Government to suppress the *tripots* of London no one would be any the worse save the people who exploit them, and we confess to no sympathy with such. Were they to recognise, or tolerate, the *tripots* they would benefit the country to the tune of a very large sum of money, they would, or, at any rate, could, exercise such supervision as to make dishonest play impossible, and they could limit the amount risked, and by so doing keep losses within bounds. After all, they allow betting; they have encouraged gambling in stocks and shares by personal example. Then why, in the name of all that is reasonable, should they not permit *baccara* and *chemin-de-fer* and profit by them? The fact that they allow betting without profiting by it is only a proof of their stupidity. Let them show themselves possessed of some common sense. Let them emulate, to a certain extent, at any rate, His Serene Highness the Prince of Monaco, whose personal receipts from the tables of Monte Carlo amount to many thousands over a million sterling, while his subjects live taxless in a land that might well be called model and where poverty is unknown.

**Horse-racing v. Baccara**

We would not for a moment be supposed to advocate the turning of London into a glorified Monte Carlo. We know only too well the misery that gambling often brings with it, and we are not yet certain whether, were we Governmental advisers, we would not recommend the wiping out of the London *tripot* altogether. So long as that most idiotic of all forms of gambling exists in the shape of horse-racing, the follower of which is erroneously called a "sportsman," the Englishman really has quite sufficient and simple opportunities of parting with his money without dropping it at *baccara* or *boule*. Let the Government, then, suppress the *tripots*. But if it refuses to do that, then for Heaven's sake let it supervise them, and, above all, let it profit by them. By such means, even if we do lose our money, we shall only have ourselves to blame, and we shall have a possible chance of getting a bit of our own back by a reduction in taxation of another description.

**Sheer Hypocrisy**

As it is, the *tripots* of London have ruined many, and will ruin more. They are doing extensive damage to the West End trade by relieving the *jeunesse dorée* of cash that would otherwise be spent in the shops. And they are making England a laughing stock. Just think of it—a country that will not allow you to run a charity lottery or drink a whiskey-and-soda before 1 p.m. on Sunday and permits scores of *tripots* to flourish right in the centre of the metropolis! If this be not a case of sheer hypocrisy, what is?



"The misery that gambling often brings with it"

# THE PART OF PROVIDENCE

By Elinor Mordaunt

MRS. HILTON'S gown was of mauve, light, shimmery mauve muslin, with demure touches of white at the neck and wrists. The fact is more worthy of notice than might, at the first glance, appear; for it represented an attitude of mind—the mauve attitude; a little wistful; regret still struggling with gallant resignation, if not hope.

The verandah was cool and pleasant, massed with ferns and shaded by green blinds, through which the subdued rays of the sun filtered in vertical lines, faintly suggestive of the simmering blaze outside.

Mrs. Hilton was sunk deep in her basket-chair; her chin on her hands; her head a little bent; her serious eyes a little raised, fixed with tender concern on the face of the man who sat opposite to her. For, though she was quite pretty enough to have afforded to be silly, Mrs. Hilton was a serious person. Yet whimsically serious, not sufficiently serious to bore anybody—and this is not an art that can be learnt, but a gift of the gods. The scope afforded to plain women is strictly confined; if *they* are serious they are regarded as an intrusive nuisance, a needless accentuation of the commonplace; while if they are gay they quickly become ridiculous. But Mrs. Hilton might have been anything. It was almost an extravagance of charm that she should have chosen to be sweetly serious and motherly: so wonderfully concerned as to the higher life of her friends—her men friends. Doubtless she regarded her fellow women as already occupying a sufficiently elevated place—exempt from the need of sympathy, though sometimes deserving of pity—these two qualities being further removed from one another than many simple folk imagine.

"It is such a waste—you are worthy of such much better things," she sighed, her eyes straying past young Forsyth's sleek, blonde head, and gazing—with an air of pensive mysticism—into futurity. "I can picture you doing big things in your profession, being a power in the world. . . . But now your will is being sapped by dwelling on one idea; you have no cohesion. Frankly, my dear boy"—and turning her eyes she met his with a glance of disarming friendliness—"you ought to marry; you need something definite in your life. Something settled. A sane staple background to your ambitions. I"—and she gave a pretty little shrug—"am old enough to say what I like, without you misunderstanding me. And you ought to marry, Tony, there is no doubt about that."

"Laura! You know perfectly well it is out of the question. Heaven knows I want a wife and home badly enough—no fellow more. But, hang it all, you ought to understand, if anyone does—I've bored you enough with my affairs—how impossible it is. Imagine marrying a girl you did not love; in a week everything she said and did would be wrong."

"In a week you would probably discover that you loved her," remarked Mrs. Hilton sagely. "In two you would declare that you had never imagined before that it 'could be like this.'"

"You know better than that. It's not in the faintest degree likely that I could ever love any other woman! Laura! do you in the least realise that it is ten *years* since I first saw her? I knew the very moment I set eyes on her that it was the real thing. By Jove! I simply did not know what it was to feel before; and I've never cared so much"—here he snapped his fingers in great scorn—"for any living woman from that day to this."

"You were just twenty then—and now you are just thirty. It is a habit, Tony. A fixed habit, I admit. But all your habits are fixed, even the way you pull up the knees of your trousers when you are excited; and dab at your moustache without unfolding your handkerchief; and only read Tory papers. It is all habit. It would be a wrench I allow; but—supposing she were free to marry you—I doubt if you'd be happy; ideals are uncomfortable things for every-day life, Tony."

"By Jove! the boot's on the other foot, though. I don't suppose she'd as much as look at me," said young Forsyth gloomily, putting his folded handkerchief to his lips; then suddenly remembering Mrs. Hilton's words and shaking it wide: "She knows the sort of rotter I am—I don't suppose she has ever even thought of it. It was quite enough that she troubled about me at all—let me do things for her and all that. The least I could do has been to keep myself clean for her sake, to try and——. 'Pon my word, Laura, you simply don't know, and that's the fact of the matter! She is so absolutely pure."

"She is a married woman." Mrs. Hilton's voice was vague and detached, while her glance had strayed again to a spot slightly above Forsyth's head.

"Besides——." With rather a red face the young man suddenly harked back upon his tracks. "What girl in her senses would marry me? I'm not much of a chap, anyhow; and in all honesty I'd have to tell her I didn't love her—never could love her: that I always would love and had loved another woman. What girl would marry a man under those conditions?"

"As they all—all that are of any importance—deal with the past, for even you can scarcely be certain of the future—I think she would, if she were anything of a sport, decide to take the risk."

Forsyth rose with a weary sigh, and looking out of a crack in the verandah blind, saw to his annoyance—though he tried to keep his glance detached—that the syce, who held his horse beneath the trees, was not making the slightest effort to keep the flies away from the poor beast, which was fretting itself into a foam,

[*All rights strictly reserved.*]
(*Continued on page 268*)

and turning he stretched out his hand with an air of brave courage to his hostess.

"I know you mean well, Laura; and you're a brick to let me come here and bore you with my miseries. By Jove! you're the best pal a fellow ever had. But even you don't understand."

"Perhaps not." Mrs. Hilton's voice was enigmatical; but their clasp lingered as her eyes met his in a glance of wistful concern.

"We are chums, real chums, Tony?"

"Rather."

"And you know—you really do know—how I have your interests at heart? There is nothing that I wouldn't do for you. You were so good to me—so unutterably good to me when——" She hesitated, drooped her head, blinked away a possible tear, then faced him again with a glance of radiant brightness. "In spite of everything, of all my hard times, you know I *do* believe in marriage. I do believe that nothing could be more perfect—even apart from very passionate love—than the realisation that there was one person in the world whom one could always trust and turn to, with whom one would come inevitably first."

There is a curious fascination about words of three or four syllables which contain a large percentage of vowels—inevitable, exquisite, entrancing, irradicable, abnormal, were all favourites with Mrs. Hilton. "Eternity is now," she was fond of saying. She had read it somewhere; where she had forgotten, growing, indeed, after a while, to regard the phrase as her own.

"Never is a long time, Tony—'Eternity is now,' and some day you will change. Some day you will find a woman who will take the risk. Not a very young girl perhaps—they are too exigent; they expect the past as well as the future—but a woman who will teach you what love is. And now I suppose this is our last talk together. They land next week, don't they?"

"Yes, only for a week, though, worse luck. Then they go on to Ceylon. But I'll bring her to see you—I must, you'll love her, Laura."

"Look here, Tony, I won't." The frank *camaraderie* of Mrs. Hilton's glance was perfect. "You may not have a very high opinion of me. We widows"—and she shrugged her shoulders with an air that was at once pathetic and whimsical—"are always regarded as fair play. But honestly, my dear boy, I couldn't do a thing like that—it's not cricket."

"What do you mean? Like what?"

"Running two men at the same time." Her eyes were at once daring and innocent, while her manner held the sort of challenge that an impertinent schoolboy might offer to an elder. Young Forsyth almost laughed in spite of his obvious annoyance.

"My dear Laura! You simply don't know what you are talking about. I know you mean well, but you have simply no idea of the sort of woman she is. By God, she's a saint! The only wonder is that she's ever troubled her head about me."

"But she has troubled about you—just enough to keep you hanging on and on. Driving you to despair by not writing for three months, then writing every mail for two. Giving with one hand—taking away with the other."

"She has given nothing—there has been absolutely nothing between us. I have kissed her once, just once in my whole life, on the forehead, before I left England last time. By Jove!"—and he dropped his voice to a reverent undertone—"you may think it's a rotten high falutin' sort of thing to say, but I felt consecrated by it—as if it was a sort of sacrament, don't you know. But she has never even begun to show that she cares."

"I recognise that from the fact that in all these years you have never even begun to criticise her."

"That's just like you women; but you wait till you've seen her," retorted young Forsyth.

"The worst of it is, I'm afraid I sha'n't see her, Tony; I'm going up to the hills with the Fergussons to-morrow for a fortnight, so there's no chance of it unless you two agree to throw your caps over the windmill."

"As if it was likely that I'd ever drag her down like that; I'd rather put a bullet through my brain—you don't understand, my dear girl."

It was the old parrot-cry, but Mrs. Hilton took it sweetly. "Anyhow, we are still the same friends, the best of pals."

"The best of pals," repeated Captain Forsyth. And then as they were already shaking hands—had been for some time—and there was no other way of showing her fellow-feeling—her motherly yearning—Mrs. Hilton gently patted down the lappels of his coat; gave a little laugh that was half a sigh, then dismissed him with a gesture.

"Go along and play polo—it's cool enough now—and brush all the cobwebs out of your brain. Only remember—*do* remember, Tony—that there are other things in the world, big things, worth your considering."

It was a cryptic saying, scarcely understood even by Mrs. Hilton herself, five foot five and slim to fragility. And yet as she went to her room to powder her nose she smiled at her reflection in the glass as if well pleased, repeating the words, "big things," "big things," to herself in a sort of mystic undertone, sliding almost insensibly—for she was by no means always serious, though her straight black eyebrows rather insisted on that pose—into the words of a little song, pregnant with meaning as are many such trifles:

> They swore to be friends for ever;
> Eternally hand and glove.
> They thought themselves mightily clever,
> And—then they fell in love.

"Three years since they last met. Ah, well! we shall see."

From which it may be gathered that Mrs. Hilton was something of an occultist.

Only one more day and she will be here (wrote young Forsyth a little later). And then one week of bliss and the bother drops out of the world, as far as I am concerned. How I wish you could meet. My best woman friend and the woman I love. I believe you'd get on awfully well together, for though you are so different you have a great many interests in common.—Yours ever, TONY.

P.S.—Mind you let me know if there's anything in the world I can do for you.—Your TONY BOY.

"Y-s-s," demurred Mrs. Hilton; to nobody in particular, for she was reading the letter in the privacy of her own room, "Oh, yes!" And for the moment her lips had lost their childlike curve.

This was but one passage in a voluminous folio. The next letter was the merest fragment scribbled on a half sheet of paper:

I am sending you the books you asked for. *She* landed to-day, imagine what I feel! Have just been lunching

*(Continued on page 270)*

# Bungalohemia

## AT SHOREHAM, WHERE PYJAMAS AND BATHING-SUITS ARE "DE RIGUEUR"

THE CHURCH

Which, as you see, is not exactly over-popular. The small boy on the right indicates the Bohemian attitude

A "HOME FROM HOME"

Note the négligée dress and deportment of the young lady inhabitants

THE CORRECT POSE

For the luncheon-party. Those who are thinking of having "lunch" photographs taken should study the positions shown in this photograph, especially those of the ginger-beer cask and the maid with the glasses

A GALLANT RESCUE?

Well, we hardly think so: further than that we don't feel qualified to express an opinion

A FAMILY GROUP

Taken, of course, when the family in question was least expecting it, *vide* the casual manner in which "paterfamilias" is pointing out to Susan's fiancé the Dreadnought sighted in the Bay. Bungalohemia is Bohemia by the seaside. You go there and live in a little hut close to the sands, wear mostly pyjamas and bathing costume and endeavour to look picturesque, a thing in which the children are most successful, as may be seen from the photograph on the right

(*Continued from page 268*)

with them. She has simply bowled them all over. Tomkins—whose sister has travelled out with her—says he never believed there could be such a woman; and it's easy enough to see what all the other fellows think. I'm as proud as a cat with two tails at being the only one who knew her before. The only pal she has here.—Yours, ANTHONY.

P.S.—I told her about you; she said she didn't think I ought to call a woman older than myself by her Christian name—is sure you cannot like it; you see, she must have taken a fancy to you already. That's why I put no proper beginning to this. But, of course, we're just the same friends.—A.

P.S.—Tomkins's sister is rather a pretty kid, but quite unformed.—A.

The next ran something like this:

DEAR MRS. HILTON,—Awfully sorry the books were not right. Perhaps you'd better wait till you come down and then you can choose the covers you like. Can't imagine what I said to give you the impression that I was disappointed. *She* is more beautiful than ever, and, by Jove! she knows it.

(This last sentence was erased, but Mrs. Hilton was a patient woman as well as a serious one.)

Yours very sincerely, ANTHONY FORSYTH.

P.S.—The Tomkins girl can play tennis rather well, she will be an acquisition—or would be if I were ever likely to care for such fool games again.

The last words of this sentence were in lighter ink, and had evidently been hastily added and blotted before it was placed in the envelope.

"Oh," said Mrs. Hilton, her chin on her hands, and cynically awaited the next epistle:

DEAR MRS. HILTON,—Glad to hear you are having a jolly time. They left to-day. You never did understand, so it's no good telling you what I feel like. Just off for some tennis at the Tomkins', to try and buck myself up a bit.—Yours sincerely, A. J. FORSYTH.

P.S.—Have drawn Miss Tomkins as my partner in the tournament, so it is only fair to practice.—A. F.

Mrs. Hilton mused for some time over this letter. Then she summoned her ayah, and issued her orders in a conclusive voice. "You must pack everything to-night. I'm going down home by the first train to-morrow morning."

A week passed, and with it the attitude of mauve muslin, so that—as she could neither clothe herself in fiery red, nor reassume her mourning—it was in simple white that, on the eight day, Mrs. Hilton sat in her shaded verandah receiving Captain Forsyth—sheepish, well-groomed, and in exuberant health.

"You look very well," she remarked, and there was something almost cruel in the cool appraisement of her glance.

"Looks aren't everything," sighed the young man. Then with a sudden air of boyish candour, he leant forward and took her hands in his. "Laura, I've been a beast to you; I've misunderstood you."

"Yes." Mrs. Hilton's glance was tender, her lip trembled. "You—it did hurt, Tony—I—I—was afraid I had lost my friend. Your letters——"

"I know, I was a brute—will you forgive me?" And folding both her hands together in one palm he stroked them gently. "You see, I was narked with you for what you said. I knew you meant well—it was awfully plucky of you, and I honour you for it; but—well, the fact is that I saw—I realised directly she landed that you'd been right, that—— Good God, Laura, how I've idealised that woman!"

"You've never been much of a judge of character, dear lad," and Mrs. Hilton gazed into the young man's face with so much sweetness, while her voice was so suggestive of a purr, that he failed to realise the claws in the white fingers that he now held between his two palms, though he grew a little red at her words.

"Well, I suppose every man makes an ass of himself at least once in his life—but I'm not going to make the same mistake twice over. Laura—you must. By Jove! I know what's what now."

"Yes." Mrs. Hilton's blue eyes were luminous with tears, her voice the merest soft breath.

"Look here! You must let me bring her to see you—you'd simply love her, and I really believe you'd find you have an awful lot in common—though she's only twenty. Just imagine the freshness, the wonder of it! Twenty!—and when I think what a rotter I've been! 'Pon my soul, Laura, the first time I kissed her—by Jove!" and the young man drew a deep breath—"it was a sacrament."

But Mrs. Hilton had snatched her hand sharply away from his.

"What in the world do you mean?" she demanded. "Are you losing your wits?"

Tony Forsyth drew himself upright with a crimson face, picked up his hat, and turned to go. "You never did understand," he remarked with more sorrow than anger in his voice. "I was speaking of Linda Tomkins, of course—Tomkins's sister—I told you first because—well, because you have been a sort of mother to me."

"May I remind you—I believe it is a generally known fact—that women do not generally bear children at the age of two. Also that you—have told me nothing."

"But you know—of course you know; you're just trying to rag me. Though we only got engaged—really engaged—yesterday, you might have guessed how the land lay from my letter."

"Yes, I might." Mrs. Hilton had again recovered her composure, and was sunk deep in her arm-chair, her chin on her hands, her eyes reflective, though by no means motherly. "Yes, I might have guessed," she repeated; then fixed him with a gaze that was almost too bland. "But, of course, you told her you could never—never love her."

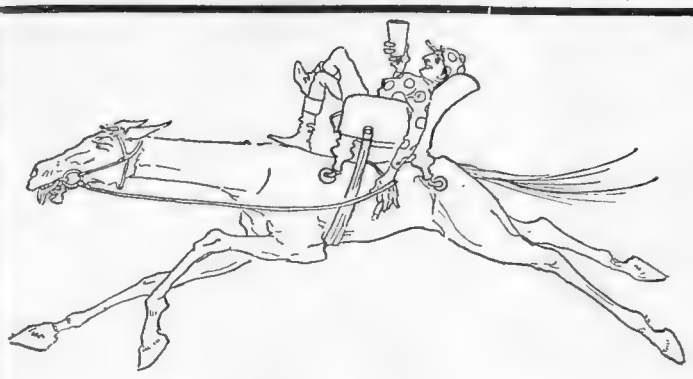
For a moment young Forsyth stared in the frankest amazement, then burst into a boisterous laugh. "By Jove! that's good, never love her. Oh! I suppose you mean because of that other affair. My dear Laura, you may take it from me that I simply didn't know what love meant!"

ELINOR MORDAUNT

MISS EDIE GRAHAM

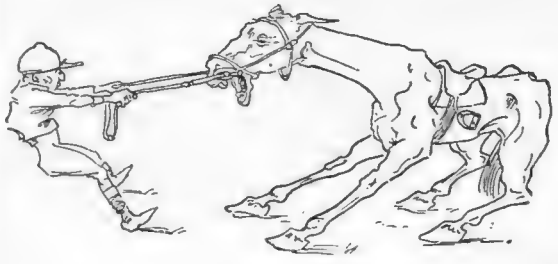
Who is playing Lucy in "The March Hare," the play by Mr. Harold Smith, M.P., at the Ambassadors Theatre

# Racing Notions



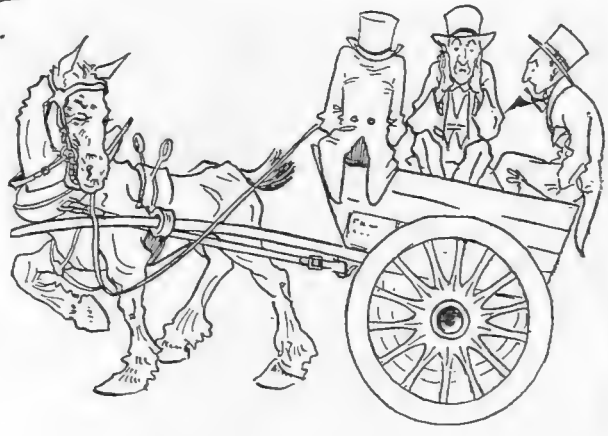
NOT BY CARBINE

*The jockey had an "Armchair ride" on Hornets Beauty*

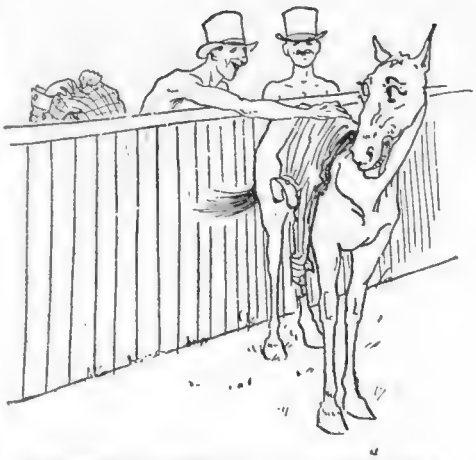


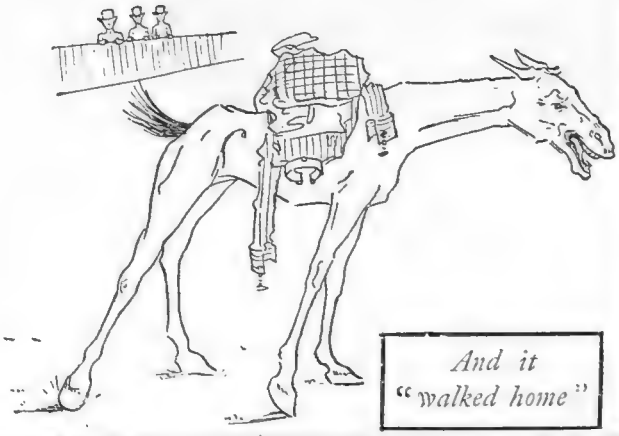
*Whereas Shogun "stuck its feet in the ground" and couldn't be persuaded to race*

*"Pulling"*



*We were all "in the cart" until the last race*





*When we "put our shirts" on Prince Palatine*

*And it "walked home"*

Having attended the recent Turf Libel Action from start to finish our artist is able to give a few illustrations of what racing *might* be (though not necessarily what it *ought* to be), and to present before readers a graphic explanation of some of the cryptic terms used in—so to speak—"the stable world

# The TRAVELLER at HASTINGS BOULOGNE and ISLE of MAN

*Photograph* *Photochrom Co.*

THE BEACH AND CARLISLE PARADE AT HASTINGS

**Hastings in Summer**

I went to Hastings the other day, a place which time, apparently, has not improved, the tripper having claimed it largely for his own. They told me that no less than 15,000 of these ladies and gentlemen invaded the place the other day, and made life for the time hideous for everyone else. But, then, as Mr. Paull, the obliging manager of the Queen's —quite the best and most modern of the hotels— explained to me, Hastings is at its worst in the summer time. When I saw it, it certainly seemed rather dirty, and full of a common type of holiday-maker. The front has been spoiled by the electric tramway and the huge glaring advertisements of somebody's stout near the baths. Hastings's "attractions" are otherwise much the same as those of Eastbourne. The mind of the caterer for British amusement would not seem to soar much above pierrots and divers, and "yacht" cruises. There was a band, of course, and no end of people were fishing from the pier. One veteran angler told me that bass, whiting, and dabs were among the fish caught. I looked hard for one of these, and the only thing I saw was a small unedible crab. The fishers looked happy, though—one lady especially so, but, then, she was lying back in a deckchair watching the point of her rod in the intervals of reading *Home Notes* and eating peppermints.

**St. Leonards**

St. Leonards still remains the Mayfair of Hastings, but Bexhill has undoubtedly proved a tough competitor so far as "the quality" is concerned. I am not surprised, for Bexhill is a nice little place, extraordinarily clean and well kept, which has not encouraged 'Arry and 'Arriet. At Bexhill, too, you can get the best of golf, and pretty country is at your door if you want it.

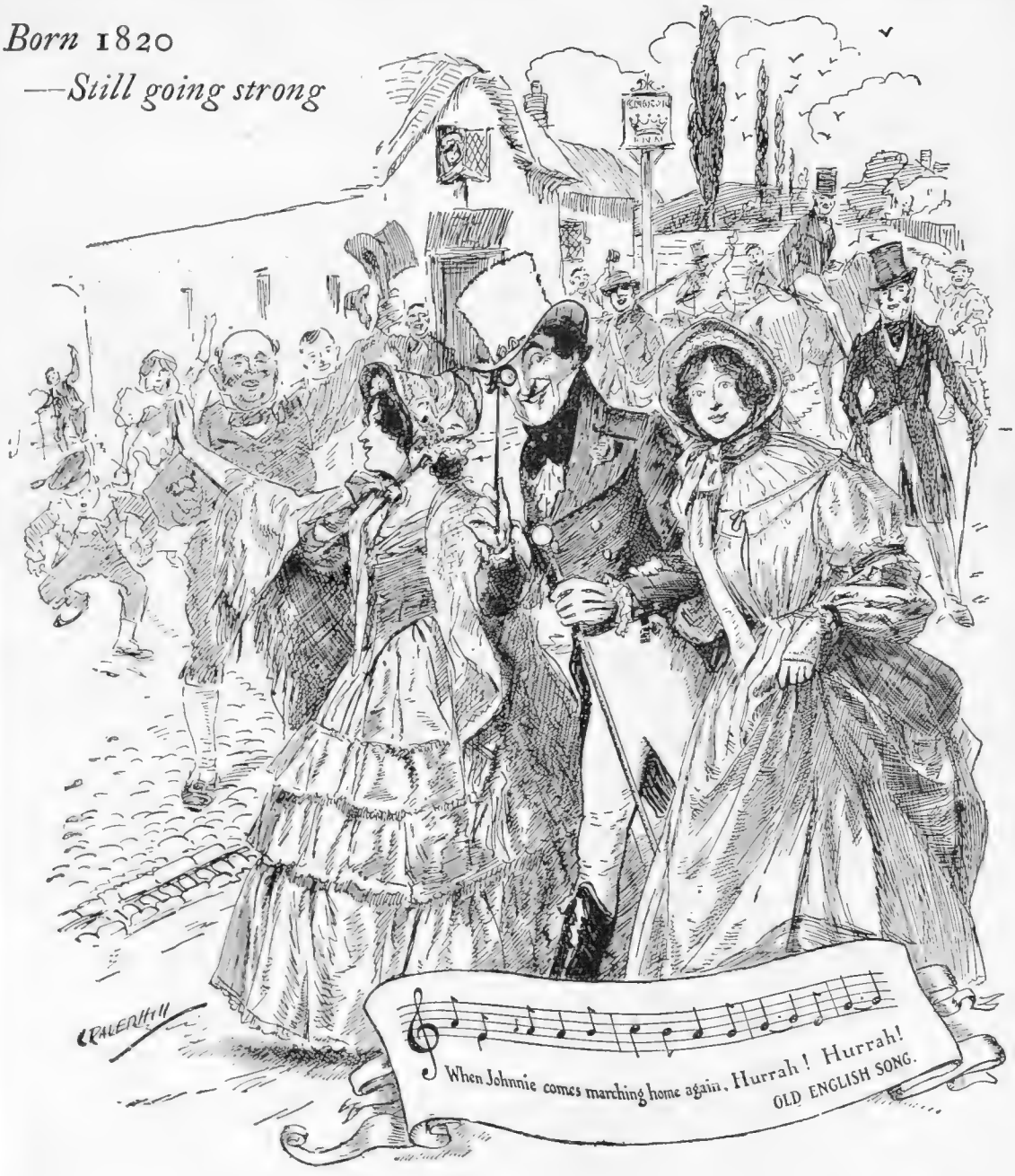
**A New Kursaal**

I was unhappily prevented from being present at the inauguration of the Villa Marina Kursaal at Douglas, Isle of Man, but I hear that everything passed off most satisfactorily, and that everyone was delighted with the new building, which is the nearest approach to a real casino (why kursaal?) of anything of the kind that we have got in the British Isles. The building, it appears, is quite palatial, and there is actually a café, while the management have engaged some of the great operatic stars, including none other than Melba herself to entertain the crowds that are certain to make full use of this new casino. The enterprise of Douglas should be widely imitated throughout England if "Continental bookings" are to be seriously reduced. Pierrots are all very well in their way, but there are some who prefer to hear Melba sing "Caro nome," to Mr. Jones's rendering of "Alexander's Rag-Time Band." Which is amazing, but true.

**"Down South"**

As I write the temperature is abnormally low again (it will soon be a case of normally if the Clerk of the Weather is not careful), and the idea of a week or two at the ordinary summer resort is of anything but an alluring nature. Indeed, many a reader of THE BYSTANDER has written me asking for advice about places "down South" in the hope of getting something approaching summer weather during his holidays. I often wonder why more people who can find the time and the money do not patronise those little bathing stations that dot the Mediterranean coast from Toulon to St. Raphael. Down there one is almost certain of sunshine and warmth (it is rarely abnormally hot), and apart from the journey, which is necessarily rather dear, though the P.L.M. offer special summer facilities, the expense of such a holiday is not great. Indeed, at some of these little places one can find capital holiday quarters for as little as six francs a day, all included. The bathing at nearly all these places is perfect, and there are always excursions to be made. Mr. Zick, of the Golf Hotel, Hyères, opened a new hotel quite lately at Beauvallon, on the Gulf of St. Tropez, which can be highly recommended. The climate there is delicious just now, and there are capital bathing, boating, and fishing to be had. A little place that appeals to the

*Born* 1820
*—Still going strong*




*The old song goes with a cheer——so does "Johnnie Walker." At home or abroad it is the same story: cheers from the man that "Johnnie Walker" cheers————from one end of the earth to the other, North————South————East————West————everywhere the same cheerful popularity.*

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*JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK.*

(Continued from page 272)

economical is Calvaire, where the hotel will, I believe, take one in for five francs a day *tout compris!* All the places to which I refer are on the Sud Railway, and can be reached *via* Toulon.

**Boulogne**

I always think that Boulogne, were it not for the tripper, would be a capital place to spend a holiday in. It's harbour may be rather smelly and its fish trade a trifle obtrusive, but no one can deny the place the adjective picturesque, while the air is very bracing, the casino one of the best in France, and the distance from Victoria is covered in about three hours. The part of Boulogne I love best is the old town, whither the tripper scarcely ever wends his way, preferring to stay as near as he possibly can to the public-houses, of which one would have imagined, he would have had more than enough at home. I believe it to be no uncommon thing for a tripper to go straight from his excursion boat to the nearest ale-house and remain there until the hour fixed for his departure!

**Lack of Hotels**

Boulogne sadly lacks first-class hotels. Every year one hears of some scheme or other for building a "palace," and each year it falls to the ground. One would have imagined that the place could well have supported a really modern hotel, but apparently the hotel capitalists think otherwise. Personally, when at Boulogne I always stay at an hotel in the town, and take most of my meals at a restaurant whose name I will not divulge, but which is one of the best in France.

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MONT-DORE (H. P. M.)—The Hotel Sarnion, the Nouvel Hotel or the Hotel de l'Établissement. They will give you the name of a good doctor speaking English at your hotel. I should stay the night in Paris. THE TRAVELLER.

*"The Traveller" will always be glad to give unbiassed information on any matter relating to travel. Queries should be addressed to "The Traveller," c-o* THE BYSTANDER, *Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C. If a reply by post be required a stamp should be enclosed.*

*Photograph* *Photochrom Co.*

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER

A general view of the town, showing the harbour


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# RACING: Goodwood Prospects. BY CARBINE

**Charms of the Meeting**

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**Some Selections**

Now for the racing and an attempt to cover the meeting with a few serviceable hints. On Wednesday the Goodwood Plate, like many other long-distance events in these days, will produce only a small field. I have a liking for the chance of the bottom-weight, **Gaston Bocard,** who has been showing some good form recently, and as a second string I would take WANONO. The Findon Stakes on the same afternoon may be won by **Ascenseur.** The Sussex Stakes will bring out some good three-year-olds, possibly that very lucky Derby winner, Aboyeur, among them. I think **Pilliwinkie** should improve on recent form and win. In the Lavant Stakes I look for the success of **Parkelion.**

**The Race for the Cup**

At the time of writing there is just a little uncertainty as to **Prince Palatine,** who, if he runs, should win the Goodwood Cup on Thursday. In his absence I would depend upon RIVOLI. In the Drayton Handicap **Grey Barbarian** may carry his penalty to victory. I expect **Brakespear** to win for the King in the Prince of Wales's Stakes. A treat for visitors on this afternoon will be the appearance of **The Tetrarch** in the Rous Memorial Stakes. I feel sure that the grey colt was temporarily off colour at Sandown Park recently, and I look to him to win much more easily this time. On the concluding day the penalised **Junior** may win the Chesterfield Cup, as may **Queen's Parade** the Nassau Stakes.


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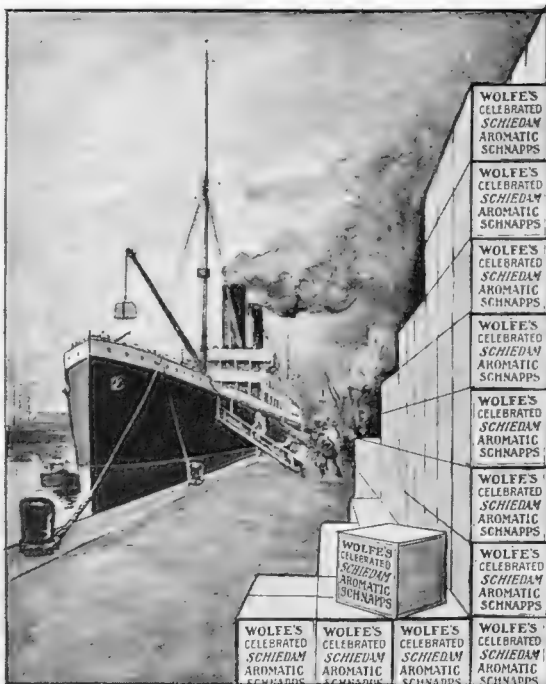

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# The Coming Grouse Season

**The Season's Prospects**

When Shakespeare—or was it Bacon?—wrote those familiar lines commencing "To be or not to be, that is the question," I do not for a moment suggest that he was referring to the all-important question as to the prospects of the moors, or, in fact, to sport of any description. Nevertheless, to be or not to be is the vexed question which is perplexing just now the minds of many who have this year paid large sums for grouse moors. What are the prospects of sport? Are the birds plentiful? Will it be an average season—or a fiasco? Or shall we hear of record bags? These are all questions which at the present moment put the Balkan tango, the Home Rule Bill, and Welsh Disestablishment completely in the shade. And perhaps it is just as well, at any rate for a time.

**A Prophecy**

If I may venture to pose as a humble prophet, I will at once say that it will neither be a record good season or yet a complete fiasco. I do not think it will be even an average year, rather, I am afraid, a poor one. It requires no superhuman gift to forecast what a season is likely to be. It is not like foretelling the weather of our uncertain clime, which seems to revel in baffling all attempts of our weather bureaux and scientists. In giving a foretaste of the good or bad things awaiting us up North, we are guided by many and no uncertain signs. We know what stocks were left; we know what the weather was like at the important periods of nesting and setting; we know what the food supplies were just then; we know the size of the clutches and how they hatched out and afterwards throve. This is all a matter of simple observation, while latterly we have walked the moors with dogs in order to flush the coveys and so get at the question of what birds were there. So, I repeat, it requires no very great genius to put two and two together and arrive at the total four. This year we know that, however favourable it has been for pheasants and partridges, it has been bad for grouse. At the critical time the weather North was distinctly bad. Storms, much wet, and little food, have been responsible for disease and death. In many cases, indeed, birds were washed off their nests, and in some cases they were found dead on their nests. It is true some parts have felt it less than others, but I fear, taking things as a whole, it will be a poor season, and I know of some important moors which will not be shot over at all. It will certainly be a late one, and many owners will not attempt to shoot until well on in the month.

**Fewer Birds**

Grouse will, I imagine, be an expensive commodity, as supplies will be short, and I do not anticipate owners of shoots will get anything like the number of birds they did last year, nor will they approach the numbers to which they may be restricted. I am afraid this is rather a lugubrious forecast, and that I shall be put down as a Job's Comforter. Still, the fact remains, and if my opinion is sought as to the "To be or not to be" my answer is distinctly "Not to be." I fear, therefore, the leasing of a moor this year will prove a bad speculation. Nevertheless, we all welcome once again the opening of the season, as we did, when children, the clown in the pantomime as he came on with a somersault, boxed the pantaloon's ears, and informed us that "Here we are again." And here we are again in August, and almost directly we shall go back to guns and shooting boots, and Harris tweeds, with as much pleasure as if we had not shot for years past, instead of only a few months ago. It is fortunate, however, that these breaks do occur otherwise, I fear, we should all get very fed-up with continuous shooting and hunting.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

TEA ON THE LAWN

At the St. George's Hill Tennis Club, Weybridge. The Club's grounds border on a lake, and the surrounding scenery, as can be seen from the photograph produced above, is very charming

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# MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

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**Commerce and the Car**

Let pleasurable and private cars stand aside for a few lines. The commercial vehicle fills Olympia as I write, and serves as a reminder of the fact that, ultimately, it is not the private motor-carriage that will dominate automobile production, but the motor lorry and truck, the mechanically propelled van, the public service vehicle of the omnibus type, the fire engine, and all the other forms of haulage associated with industry. We have made very material progress in the adaptation of the internal combustion engine to the requirements of commerce, as this present Olympia Show unmistakably demonstrates, but we are still mere dabblers in the business by comparison with the prospects of the certain future. The conversion of the trader has only just commenced. When the last of him has been brought to the penitent form and made confession of economic error, and the horse is banished from the streets as a dangerous and unclean animal and unprofitable for purposes of haulage, then the pleasure vehicle department of automobile production will be a comparative side-line, even though a considerable percentage of private owners use their cars mainly for business.

**The Inevitable Hour**

Doubtless the horse will persist for quite a long time yet, because for short distance goods delivery work, and that kind of thing, the motor vehicle has to prove its case against animal haulage as a more efficient and more economical service. Particularly the latter. I should think that would not be a difficult matter if the conservative trader, clinging to his horses, could be induced to take all the factors into consideration. However that may be, there is little room for speculation upon the ultimate end of things. Capital, responsive as ever to demand, is flowing in the direction of the commercial motor industry. That means greater organisation and specialisation, with a concentration upon the production of vehicles for particular needs. All the evidence points to wide and rapid adoption of the automobile as the only factor in economic road distribution. Very largely the railway will be the means of long-distance goods transport (and in ever-increasing measure, as the public service vehicle extends the area of its operations and the cheap light car comes into common use, that is the only purpose the railway *will* serve); but for deliveries within a radius of fifty miles it will undoubtedly, I think, be the mechanically propelled road vehicle. Ichabod is written all over the horse from ears to the last hair in its tail.

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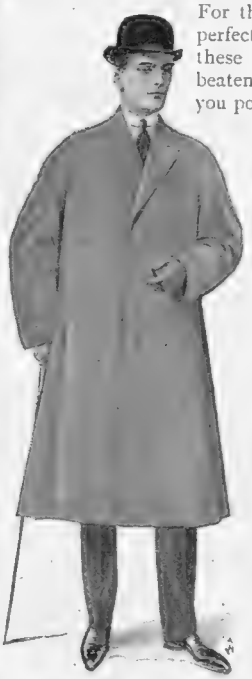

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The KLAXON CO., LTD., 41, Great Portland Street, W., have recently introduced a new instrument called the KLAXON-A, motor driven and selling at £3 15*s*. 0*d*., or complete with dry battery, £4 4*s*. 0*d*.

## THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP REGULATIONS

**Frequent Alterations**

THE conditions governing the Open Championship have undergone such frequent alterations in recent years that it would need the memory of a "Datas" to specify them in correct order and date. The present system, by far the fairest yet devised, has only been in existence for two years, yet already furious discussion is raging round the necessity of a further change. Two causes have contributed materially to this state of affairs. The first and most important cause is the enormous entry which this year's event received. No fewer than 269 players sent in their names, twenty-one of whom were amateurs. By the present system the competitors are divided into three sections, and in each section twenty players, including ties for the twentieth place, qualify to take part in the Championship proper. This year the number of those who qualified was sixty-five, a shade less than 25 per cent. of the total of competitors.

**Swollen Numbers**

The pinch of the matter lies in the swollen numbers. Can anything be done to abate these numbers, or to relieve in some manner the burden on the club conducting the Championship of providing markers for all these players and giving up their course for several days previous to the start of the competition for purposes of practice? Let me say at once that any system of exemptions would be against all the traditions of our two Championships. The champion, whether Open or Amateur, has always had to fight his way through the ranks in the succeeding year, and I think it would be a most retrograde measure to introduce any system by which certain players, owing to their past performances, received a favour denied to others. Any such idea will, I trust, be ruled out. Then there is the suggestion that some system of sectional qualification, analagous to that in vogue in the *News of the World* Tournament, should be adopted. This has a specious air of fairness about it, but if it be examined closely the difficulty of arranging the sections on an equitable basis is practically insoluble. There is further the objection that the Open Championship, the most important contest of the year, ought to be conducted from start to finish on one course. Is there, then, no possibility of limiting the entries?

**A Suggestion**

Personally, I think the question might be solved in this way. Let the delegates appoint two strong sub-committees, the one consisting of amateurs, and the other of professionals chosen by the P.G.A. Let the maximum of entries be fixed at 250. Then let the entries for the Championship close three weeks before the date of the Championship, and let these two sub-committees go through their respective entries, winnowing out the unfit candidates and submitting their lists to the full meeting of delegates for final adjustment. I do not think that under this plan any player who has a proper title to compete would be debarred. Once the 250 are chosen let the competition proceed on its present lines, which, so long as stroke-play governs the issue, are the fairest which it is possible to devise.

ERNEST LEHMANN

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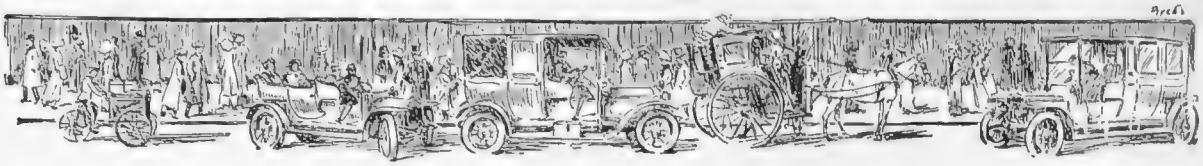

By MRS. JACK MAY

### Smart Travelling Suits

I AM, as I am sure every other woman will be, dreadfully covetous of the taffeta scheme, an original one, let it be said, illustrated by Mrs. Dorothy Millar. Taffeta is the fabric upon which *La Mode* has set the seal of her approval in this regard for the season, and no one who has a purse sufficiently well-equipped will quarrel with the selection. For taffeta is cool, light, and incapable of harbouring dust, three fine travelling virtues for the summer, while in view of enhancing its serviceableness we would suggest a drab shade. The utmost freedom and ease characterises the style of fashioning, the upper part following the lines of a Russian blouse, with a particularly effective and artistic collar that buttons on to the revers either side, and has its inner edge softened by the ubiquitous tulle frill, repeated at the wrist of the quasi-Russian sleeve. On the small cosily fitting toque of grey straw there are piled loops of black velvet, a deep drapery of the same surrounding the crown.

IN SOFT TAFFETA

The utmost freedom and ease characterises this costume which is cool, light, and incapable of harbouring dust

(Designed by Mrs. Dorothy Millar)

### Their Majesties' Visit

At Accrington, in Lancashire, at the Broad Oak Print Works, there is one of many sections of the Calico Printers' Association, which is chiefly noted for the production of the beautiful cotton *voiles* that are verily akin to *ninons* in their delicacy. For the auspicious occasion of the recent Royal visit, however, productions of other sections were brought to Accrington, which included the most wonderful furnishing draperies in the guise of cotton and velveteen cretonnes for home use; curious and frequently garishly printed cottons that are shipped off to East and West Africa, India, the Levant, and Egypt for native wear. In fact, everything that can be produced in cotton was gathered together at Accrington, and the whole of the artistic display was placed in the eminently safe hands of Messrs. D. H. Evans, whose yearly window display of colour schemes is far-famed. These authorities were given a free hand, and carried to the North various addenda in the shape of parasols, feather boas, etc., with which to enhance the value of the beautiful cotton dress materials. It was really a colossal piece of work to carry through, but so wholehearted were the efforts thrown into it the very creators themselves were amazed at the appreciation accorded.

### Interesting Features

A particularly interesting feature is a hand-printed butterfly design one hundred years old that Queen Mary actually manipulated herself, while the King essayed his 'prentice hand on a hand-block pattern, representing the two hemispheres. But over and above all reign those wondrous *voiles*, the finest qualities it is possible to produce, in every conceivable and exquisite design, from dainty little pompadours to bold patternings and colourings, a lovely carnation design finding infinite favour in the eyes of the greatest lady in the land.

### The Uses of Éponge

This is really a most remarkable fabric. It makes at once bathing wraps, smart summer toilettes, and children's frocks. Out of this plethora of choice

THE
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ILLUSTRATED

No. 504.—Vol. XXXIX. Wednesday, July 30, 1913 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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THIS FINE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE,

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wide-spreading ornamental lawns shaded by magnificent old trees, tennis and croquet lawns, lovely rose garden, herbaceous borders, shrubberies, kitchen garden of about 1 acre, orchard, 4 glasshouses.

COMPANY'S WATER AND GAS. TELEPHONE.

Golf 5 minutes. Hunting with 3 packs. Fishing. Rough shooting.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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A CORNER OF THE DRAWING ROOM.

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*An ideal Property for one wishing to have rural surroundings yet within 12 miles from Town.*

Handsome suite of reception rooms with billiard room, 13 bedrooms, 3 fitted bathrooms, complete offices. Ample stabling. Lodge. 2 cottages. Several useful outbuildings.

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Very pretty garden, tennis lawn, walled kitchen garden, good orchard, vineries and greenhouse; first-rate water supply pumped by oil engine. 2 cottages can be had by arrangement.—Further details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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VERY PRETTY GARDENS,

laid out in terraces, and comprising tennis and croquet lawns, rock garden, partly walled kitchen garden with nut walk in all about 3 acres.—Full particulars from the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK, and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (7,111)

TO BE SOLD

**THIS EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE,** situated on the Ridgeway, Mill Hill, N.W. It contains: 3 reception rooms, garden room, offices, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light is installed and the House is wired for heating in all principal rooms and for cooking; hot-water heating; the garden extends to over ¼ an acre, planted on two sides with a row of fir trees.—For further particulars, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., London, W. (M. 14)

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2 miles from a station; 2½ miles from golf links.

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**TO BE SOLD,** the above Sixteenth Century old-world COTTAGE RESIDENCE, with original old oak beams, and standing in grounds of about 2 acres. It contains: 2 sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, large servants' room, bathroom, and usual offices, detached smoking room; coachhouse in yard suitable for garage; modern sanitation; pretty flower gardens, orchard, 2 tennis and croquet lawns and paddock of 1 acre. PRICE, FREEHOLD, £2,000.—Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Sq., W. (7,010)

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**THIS ATTRACTIVE OLD MANOR HOUSE,** standing on high ground with extensive woodland and sea views. It contains: 3 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, and ample domestic offices; Company's gas laid on; good supply of well water; gravel soil; there is stabling for 3, coach and motor-house, numerous outbuildings; charming old-world gardens; tennis and croquet lawns; excellent kitchen garden; golf links at Canterbury and Sandwich.—For further particulars, apply to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (4,441)

ON ONE OF THE PRETTIEST REACHES OF THE THAMES.

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DATING FROM 1296.
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The House stands ¼ mile back from road (2 lodges), in finely timbered park, and immediately surrounded by delightful gardens of singular charm; 14 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, complete domestic offices; stabling for 6, garage; farm buildings, 3 cottages; 30 or 150 acres grass.
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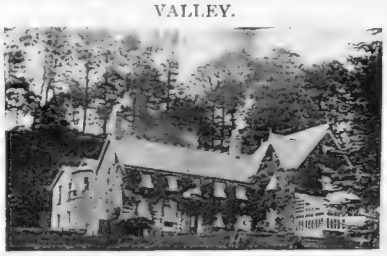

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Glorious position on the Cliffs at Cooden Beach.
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GRAND UPPER HALL, 50FT. BY 20FT. BY 25FT HIGH, WITH SUPERB VAULTED CHESTNUT ROOF SUPPORTED ON STONE CORBELS AND WITH FINE STONE PANELLED CHANCEL ARCH.

10 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), dressing room, etc. *Joined to the House is a Mediæval Cottage, containing about 6 rooms, and this can be used either attached or separate.* Further bedroom extension is easy. THE GROUNDS and land which surround the Residence comprise about 40 acres, and the pleasure grounds include walled-in lawns with ample space for 4 tennis courts, flower borders and shrubberies, walled fruit garden, kitchen garden, orchards, fishpond, 2 cottages, several useful buildings, including garage with pit.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil.

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**A WELL-BUILT FAMILY RESIDENCE OR** HUNTING-BOX, standing about 300ft. above sea level, and containing: hall, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing, usual offices, including butler's pantry; charming gardens and grounds of about

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FREEHOLD, £2,000. RENT, £140.

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**£2,750 WILL BUY** the above typical Devonshire HOME, standing high and commanding fine views: 6 or more bed rooms, 2 reception, bath; stabling 2.

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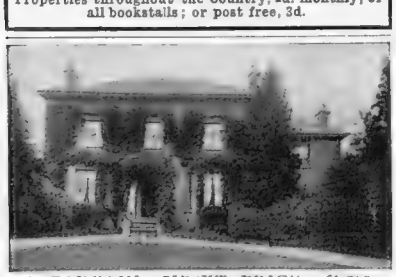

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**£2,500** will PURCHASE a Delightful HOUSE in the midst of really grandly-timbered old grounds and meadowland of over 7 acres: 10 or 12 bedrooms, 3 or 4 reception rooms; stabling, garage.—Highly recommended from inspection by FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (5,910)

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Also, a charming PLEASURE FARM of 84 acres. Money found.—GODDARD, Land Agent, Hereford.

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**SUFFOLK** (in a favourite part, about 5 miles Woodbridge, with its golf links).—To be SOLD, or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, this picturesque HOUSE, recently modernised. Large lounge hall, 3 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices, servants' hall; stabling, garage, groom's room, and 4-roomed cottage.

PRETTY OLD GARDENS,

2 tennis lawns, pergola, flower and kitchen gardens, thatched teahouse, orchard, and meadow, in all about 6¼ ACRES.

ACETYLENE GAS. GRAVEL SOIL.

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WITHIN 10 MILES RADIUS OF WARWICK, BIRMINGHAM, AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

**A BEAUTIFUL BIJOU COUNTRY ESTATE,** comprising an attractive FAMILY RESIDENCE built in the Italian style, and approached by two long drives through beautiful pleasure grounds and

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Stabling, garage; farmery, cottage; high up gravel soil. Price, only £3,250 (worth double). —Box M 87, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

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**KENT** (midst lovely country between Ashford and Rye).—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms; in perfect order; beautiful old pleasure grounds; stabling; extensive massively constructed buildings; 4 cottages, and

233 ACRES OF RICH LAND.

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Excellent stabling, motor garage, 11 cottages; hot-water radiators, main water, acetylene gas. BARGAIN, £7,500, or would be Let on Lease at £375 per annum. Actual income from cottages, fruit and land, £174 2s. per annum.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

EASY REACH OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS. High up; light soil; main water; golf.

**A PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESI-**DENCE: 3 large reception, full-sized billiard room, bath, 8 bedrooms; long carriage drive; beautifully timbered old-world pleasure grounds and pasture-land of 9 ACRES. Stabling, garage, farmery; shooting available. BARGAIN, £2,700.

A PHENOMENAL ESTATE BARGAIN

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**SUSSEX** (1 hour from Town).—An imposing GEORGIAN RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 11 bedrooms; stabling, garage; 6 cottages, farmery, magnificently timbered old-world pleasure grounds, and 150 ACRES OF PARK-LIKE PASTURE. Price £5,500, being less than half cost.

TO CITY MEN AND OTHERS

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**SUSSEX (near Heathfield),** in a beautiful part of the county, 400ft. up.—A quaint, old, Modernised FARMHOUSE, full of oak, in excellent repair; heated by radiators: lounge hall, 7 bedrooms, bath, and 2 good reception rooms; pretty pleasure grounds and excellent pastureland, nearly 50 ACRES. Capital stabling and buildings; 2 cottages. Price 3,000 gns.

A TIMES PRICE BARGAIN. BETWEEN HORSHAM AND PULBOROUGH.

**A BEAUTIFUL OLD SIXTEENTH CENTURY** RESIDENCE full of oak.—3 handsome reception, billiard, bath, 9 bedrooms, long drive, pretty entrance lodge, MAIN WATER; excellent stabling, garage, farmery. The beautiful pleasure grounds are well shaded, spacious lawns, flower beds, rose garden, fish pond, shrubberies, kitchen garden, glass houses; and parklike pastureland, in all about 71 ACRES. Price, for the whole estate, £5,000, or with 26 acres, £3,250.

**30 MINUTES FROM THE CITY,** midst lovely country. Picturesque RESIDENCE; 13 bedrooms, bath, and 3 handsome reception rooms; beautiful pleasure grounds and well-timbered fertile pastureland.

20 ACRES.

Capital stabling; 3 cottages; farmery; excellent hunting; golf; polo. Price, £5,000. More land can be had.—F. L. MERCER and Co.

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PRICES ACCORDING TO LENGTH OF SEAT.

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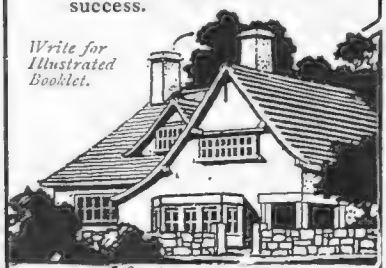

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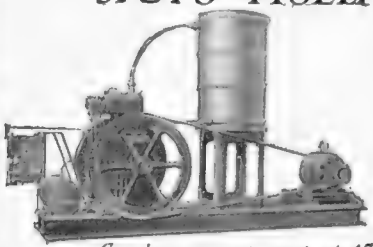

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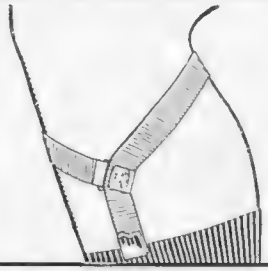

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**Sock Suspender**

is entirely simple. Has no cords or pulleys; goes on in a second. Keeps the sock up without chafing or constricting the leg. Anatomically correct.

Get your hosier to show you WALKER GRIP.

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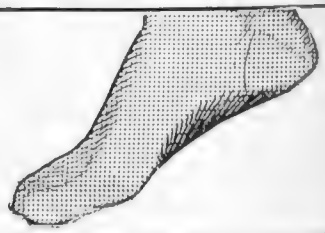

Trial Bottle. 6d.

**SEEGER'S SEEGEROL**
FOR GREY HAIR.

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/ post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct HINDS LTD., Finsbury, London.

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Price One Penny,
IS THE ONLY DAILY NEWSPAPER GIVING
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# GREYNESS CURED AFTER 29 YEARS

## Remarkable Experience of Ladies and Gentlemen who Test Famous Court Hair Specialist's New Discovery.

## TO GREY-HAIRED READERS. PROVE THE MARVELLOUS COLOUR-RENEWING POWERS OF "ASTOL"—FREE.

Remarkably pleasing experiences are reported by the numerous ladies and gentlemen who are using the new "Astol" for grey, white, and faded hair.

"Astol" is the latest discovery of the leading Court Hair Specialist, whose previous discoveries of "Harlene" and "Hair Drill" are famous all the world over and are in daily use by Royalty.

Just as "Harlene" grows hair so "Astol" renews its colour.

"Astol" renews the hair's colour, even after years of greyness, as readers can now prove for themselves, Free.

Further, it permanently renews the hair's lost colour without the adventitious aid of dyes and stains.

Grey-haired readers are now invited to put this to personal test at Mr. Edwards' expense. On receipt of the coupon printed below, Mr. Edwards will post you a supply of "Astol" free of cost, neatly packed in plain, sealed wrapper, free from observation.

*Whether your hair is grey at the sides, above the temples, streaked with grey all over, you can restore it to its natural colour by means of the new discovery of "Astol," which Mr. Edwards, the Court Specialist, who also discovered "Harlene" and "Hair Drill," is affording you an opportunity to-day to use free of cost.*

### MAKE YOUR HAIR RENEW ITS OWN COLOUR.

A commendable feature of this new discovery is that it is not an artificial stain or "hair-paint." "Astol" renews the hair's colour, owing to its action upon the pigmentary or colouring cells of the hair roots. These cells supply the hair with its colour. Sometimes, owing to worry, nervous strain, A SUDDEN SHOCK, OR ADVANCING YEARS, they become languid or dormant. Then it is that your hair becomes grey, faded, or even white.

"Astol" revitalises these languid or dormant cells. It gently and naturally restrengthens their colouring processes. It awakens them to new life and vigour. Thus aroused they begin to supply the hair with its natural, normal colour. The "sleeping beauty" of the hair awakens. Under the revitalising influence of "Astol" the colour comes back to the grey and faded hair in the precise shade, depth, and richness it possessed in years gone by.

### CURES ALL FORMS OF HAIR DISCOLOURATION.

Whether your hair has lost its colour—
—Through the whitening influence of passing years.
—Through worry, business cares, or nervous strain.
—Through a sudden shock, or
—Through any other reason,
"Astol" restores it to the colour it originally possessed.
"Astol" restores the colour to hair that has
—Turned grey at the sides,
—Turned grey at the temples,
—Become streaked with grey,
—Grown grey or white all over.

By effecting this colour-change for the better, "Astol" makes you look many, many years younger, a most valuable consideration to all men and women, both socially and for business reasons.

### READ THIS LADY'S REMARKABLE LETTER.

"Oh, but my hair has been grey so long!" many will exclaim.

No matter. The experience of all who have tested "Astol" proves that this discovery restores the lost colour to Grey, White, and Faded Hair, even when the colour has been absent for years, and everything previously tried has failed to make the slightest difference.

Here is what one lady writes; it is well worth perusing:

"I am 59 years of age. My hair began to lose its colour when I was 30. At 35 I looked quite 45. Nobody took me to be as young as I really was. My greyness making me look so old, was a great grief to me. I tried almost everything. Nothing was of use. A few weeks ago I read of the discovery of 'Astol.' I knew that Mr. Edwards was the leading authority on the hair, so I resolved to give his new discovery a trial. I did so, and the result frankly amazed me. In three weeks all the greyness had gone. In five weeks not a grey hair was to be seen in my head. My hair is now that beautiful burnished brown it was when I was young. I am positively enchanted with 'Astol,' it is a real boon to everyone who is grey."

Similar letters from once grey-headed men and women who have now restored their hair's colour by using "Astol" reach Mr. Edwards every day.

### SEND FOR THIS YOUTH-RENEWING GIFT TO-DAY.

On receipt of the following coupon with 2*d.* in stamps to pay the postage, Mr. Edwards sends you—

**1. A Free Trial Bottle of "Astol."**

**2. A copy of his book "Good News for the Grey-Haired," containing a full description of "Astol," with rules for using in order to get the best possible and speediest result.**

All leading chemists and stores are now supplying "Astol" in 2*s.* 9*d.* and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles, or you can purchase it direct and post free (foreign and Colonial postage extra) from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

But first prove its value for yourself at this discoverer's expense, by forwarding the following invitation form to Mr. Edwards to-day.

### FREE INVITATION
### TO A PERSONAL TRIAL OF "ASTOL."

To the EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—I accept your invitation to send me a free trial supply of "Astol" for restoring the colour to Grey, White, and faded Hair, with description and illustrated book containing full directions for using.

I enclose 2*d.* in stamps to pay carriage of above to the following address:—

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

*The Bystander*, July 30, 1913.....

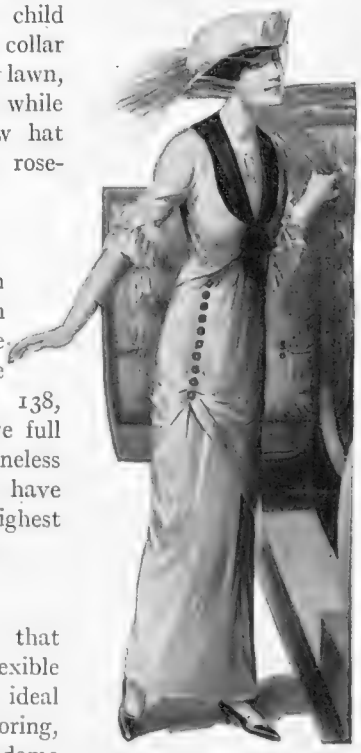
I have selected the latter as a subject of discussion this week. There is a particularly lovely rose shade that comes up very well in *éponge*, and is so becoming to a child inclined to be brunette. The collar and cuffs are of white-embroidered lawn, the belt is of patent leather, while round the shady Formosa straw hat there is twisted a scarf of soft rose-coloured silk.

### A Travelling Corset

Now here, forsooth, is an original idea, and one for which we are indebted to Madame Soum, the pioneer of the corset "Gaine," who will, at 138, Brompton Road, be pleased to give full particulars of this practically boneless new travelling model. Those who have essayed its wear speak in the highest terms of the comfort it bestows.

### Hardly Ideal

No woman, I fancy, will deny that the extremely long corset, flexible though it may be, is not wholly ideal for any form of travelling, motoring, yachting, or otherwise. But Madame Soum practically guarantees that any woman wearing her corset which she has designed for comfort will find that essential. You may, for example, motor the whole day in it without suffering the slightest discomfort or fatigue. On the contrary, indeed, it is possible to feel as fresh and invigorated at the end of the longest motoring trip as when one steps lightly into the car.



WHEN TRAVELLING
The "Gaine" Corset is excellent in every way, being boneless and flexible. It is made by Madame Soum, at 138, Brompton Road

### A Magic Art

What a pity it is that summer frocks lose their freshness so quickly. The daintier they are the sooner they seem to soil, and the prettiest loses its charm once it is creased and crumpled. The help of Achille Serre is invaluable at such times, because a frock cleaned by them does not look "cleaned," it really looks new again. Whatever their method of "refinishing" may be, it is certainly successful, and restores the original appearance of the frock in a wonderful way. If a dress or blouse is stained, too, these "wizards" can make the marks vanish like magic, and they undertake to carry out work of this kind without harming the material or colour, however delicate they may be. "When the Sun Shines," is a very artistic production, and contains much useful information, including prices for treating articles of summer wear and a list of branch depôts distributed throughout the country. It will be sent post free to any reader who writes mentioning THE BYSTANDER.

# The Menu: Savouries

### Anchovy Rissoles

Scrape and bone ten Gorgona anchovies. Roll out about ½ lb. of rich short paste, and cut out some oblong pieces of even size. Enclose each fish neatly in a piece of the paste, and roll up, wet the ends, and trim them. Place the pastries on a baking-sheet, brush over with beaten white of egg, sprinkle a little grated Parmesan cheese and a pinch of cayenne pepper over each. Bake in a fairly hot oven for ten minutes, dish up and garnish with parsley. Serve hot or cold.

### Camembert Cheese Biscuits (Cold)

Scrape off some of the crust of a firm, but not over-ripe, Camembert cheese, and cut through with a sharp knife to obtain a round slice about a quarter of an inch thick. Shape this out similar in size to the shape of small unsweetened rusk biscuits (failing this use fried croûtes made from brown bread). Place the cheese on top of each biscuit. Garnish with a sprig of chervil and tarragon. Decorate the edges with whipped cream or finely chopped aspic. Dish up and serve.

### Sardines with Cheese

Drain and wipe a dozen sardines, take out the bones; dip them in oiled butter, and roll in grated cheese, place the fillets on fried bread croûtons, put them in a hot oven for a few minutes, dish up and serve hot.

### Salmon Fritters

Boil half a pint of water in a small stewpan, and add 1 oz. of butter. When the latter is dissolved add a tablespoonful of grated cheese, and work in about 1 oz. of sifted flour. Stir well over the fire until the paste loosens from the sides, then add one by one three eggs and a pinch of salt. Flake some cooked salmon, season with salt and pepper, shape into small balls about the size of walnuts, dip these in the prepared batter, fry in hot fat until a light brown colour. Drain, dish up, and serve.

### Shrimp Croûtes

Pound a quarter of a pint of picked shrimps with 1 oz. of butter, and ½ oz. of anchovy paste, season with paprika pepper. Fry some rounds of white or brown bread in butter, drain and cool. Spread one side of each croûte thickly with the preparation. Place a whole shrimp in the centre of each, and garnish the edges with green herb butter. Dish up and serve cold.

### Tomatoes with Cheese

Slice some tomatoes, season them with pepper and salt. Dip the slices into white of egg, and well cover with grated Parmesan cheese. Place the slices on a buttered baking-sheet or sauté-pan, cover them with a piece of buttered paper, and bake for fifteen minutes. Have ready some macaroni, broken up small, and cooked in seasoned milk. Dress the macaroni in the shape of a border on a dish, and pile up the baked tomatoes in the centre; sprinkle over the border some finely chopped parsley, garnish with small fried bread croûtons, and serve. EMILIA

### The Prairie Oyster

Among gastronomic delicacies which especially appeal to the epicurean palate at this time of year is the dish known to the initiate as a prairie oyster. The following is a simple and excellent recipe for same:

Take the yolk of one egg, unbroken, and with none of the white, drop it into a wineglass in which have been mixed vinegar, salad oil, a pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of Lea and Perrins' Sauce, the latter harmonising the various flavours into a sort of grand symphony. Cap the whole with the slightest hint of red pepper or paprika, and you have a luxury that no palate can resist.

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**No cleaning order remains in our Works for more than Four Days, so you are sure of prompt return.**

The Achille Serre Service is the quickest in existence. If you want a dress cleaned in time for some special occasion—if it is important that it shall be returned punctually on a definite date—the natural thing is to send it to Achille Serre. In addition you may rest assured that the best possible result will be obtained. The care and skill expended on each order we execute have helped to gain and retain the patronage of the most particular people in the country.

**Our latest Booklet "When the Sun Shines," with address of nearest Branch or Agent will be sent to you on request.**

# Achille Serre Ltd.

(Nettoyage a sec)

**Hackney Wick, London, E.**

*'Phone 3710 East. Branches and Agencies Everywhere.*

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**is a true modifier of milk. It so changes good, fresh cow's milk that it renders it like mother's milk. Feed your baby on good, fresh cow's milk modified with Mellin's Food, and watch him thrive! Mellin's Food is perfectly suited to the youngest and most delicate baby as well as to older and vigorous children.**

# Mellin's Food

A sample of Mellin's Food and Useful Handbook for Mother's, Free. Address: Sample Dept., MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD., Peckham, S.E.

# First aid to Sunburnt Skin

EXPOSURE to sea and sun calls for the use of Rowland's "KALYDOR." It cools and refreshes the irritated, smarting skin and renders it soft, white and smooth.

## Rowland's "KALYDOR"

The consistent use of this famous preparation is a sure means of preventing sunburn, freckles and redness.

Prices 2/3, 4/6 and 8/6 per bottle. Of Stores and Chemists and

ROWLAND'S
67, Hatton Garden
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# The Home Beautiful

WILLIAMSON & COLE, Ltd., offer free of all cost a copy of their unique book **"The Home Beautiful,"** which for artistic Window Treatments and Art Furnishing holds the highest merit and is unequalled. Unsolicited testimonials from all parts of the world denote the value of this interesting publication.

## Curtain & Loose Cover Specialists.

**"THE WELBECK" CHAIR**
Covered in Cotton with loose Cover to suit customers' own requirements Quotations upon application.

**Cretonnes, Chintzes and Taffetas**
Unique designs and colourings. One of the largest collections in the United Kingdom to select from.

The finest range of **Plain** and **Printed Casement Cloths,** including all makes of Cotton, Wool, Mohair, and Silk in the newest designs and colourings from 5½d. per yard.

"Sunpruf" UNFADABLE FABRICS
"The Fabrics of To-Day."

**SPECIAL GUARANTEE:**
**All "Sunpruf" Fabrics are absolutely unfadable to sun, sea air and washing, and Williamson & Cole, Ltd., will replace any "Sunpruf" material that fails to meet this guarantee.**

***Patterns post free upon application.***

## Williamson & Cole Ltd.

HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.

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Pictures stand without a rival in their fitness for beautifying the home, for Gifts, for Birthday Presents, for Wedding Presents, and for Presents generally. We always have a very large and varied stock of carefully selected pictures, all of which are artistically framed.

*Write for our New Catalogue*

**"THE GRAPHIC" GALLERY, 190, STRAND, W.C.**

# In View of the Holidays

## SOME NOTES ON RAILWAY SERVICE ARRANGEMENTS

### To Devon and the West

By the London and South Western Railway there will be the usual weekly excursions from London (Waterloo) to North Devon from 20s., Dartmoor from 19s., North Cornwall from 22s., East Devon from 14s. 6d., and to the many seaside resorts in the Sunny South, including Bournemouth, Boscombe, etc., 11s., Swanage 12s. 6d., Weymouth 14s. 6d., Lee-on-the-Solent, Portsmouth, Southsea, etc., 8s., New Forest from 9s., and Isle of Wight from 9s. 6d. Those contemplating a holiday in Normandy, and wishing to make a preliminary visit to secure suitable accommodation for the family, can now leave Waterloo by supper-car train at 9.45 p.m., enjoy night's rest in bed while crossing from Southampton to Havre, spend whole day on the Normandy coast, sleep on board midnight boat from Havre, connecting with breakfast-car express from Southampton, due London 9.0 a.m., thus being absent one day only from business. In addition to the regular summer excursions via Southampton to Havre, Rouen, Etretat, Trouville-Deauville, Caen, Cherbourg, St. Malo, special trips will be run to Normandy and Brittany. Programmes are obtainable at the company's stations and offices, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent, Waterloo Station, S.E.

### The Midlands

Special trains will leave Marylebone for the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and the North at convenient times on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, August 1, 2, 3, and 4, and these express trains are equipped with restaurant cars, enabling passengers to obtain refreshments à la carte at the most moderate tariff. For those who wish to spend a pleasant day or week-end nearer home, suitable excursions are arranged to many picturesque and historical places in Middlesex, Herts, and Beechy Bucks. Copies of this special holiday programme may be obtained free at Marylebone Station, or by post from Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

### Paris and Boulogne

Excursion tickets will be issued to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne, by a special service leaving Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) at 2.45 p.m. on Saturday, August 2, also by the ordinary express services via Folkestone and Boulogne, leaving Charing Cross at 10.0 a.m. on July 31, August 1, 2, 3, and 4, and by the 1.58 p.m. service on July 31, August 1, 3, and 4. They will also be available by the night mail service leaving Charing Cross at 9.0 p.m. each evening from July 31 to August 4, inclusive, via Dover and Calais. Returning from Paris at 8.25 a.m. or 3.20 p.m., via Boulogne, or at 9.20 p.m., via Calais, any day within fifteen days. Ostend, Amsterdam, and Dutch towns via Queenborough and Flushing, may be visited by specially arranged holiday tours. Week-end tickets, available by any express or ordinary train (mail and boat expresses excepted) are issued to Tunbridge Wells, St. Leonards, Hastings, Rye, Bexhill, Canterbury, Whitstable, Herne Bay, Birchington, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Sandwich, Deal, Walmer, Dover, Folkestone, Ashford, Shorncliffe, Hythe, Sandgate, and Littlestone-on-Sea will be issued from London and certain suburban stations on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, August 1, 2, and 3, available for return on August 3, 4, 5, and 6. Full particulars of the excursions, extension of time for certain return tickets, alterations in train services, etc., are given in the special holiday programme and bills.

### Sunny Sussex Coast

In the programme issued by the Brighton Company and sent post free on application to the Superintendent of the Line, L.B. and S.C.R., London Bridge, it will be found that complete train and ticket arrangements are made to suit all sections of the public. Eight or fifteen days' cheap tickets will be issued from London on Friday, August 1, to Brighton, Hove, Shoreham-by-Sea, Worthing, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, Southsea, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. The Pullman sixty-minute express, "The Southern Belle," from Victoria to Brighton at 11.0 a.m., will run on Bank Holiday as usual. On Sunday and Bank Holiday, trains at day excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, Hove, Worthing, Pulborough, Littlehampton, Bognor, Southsea, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. The Surrey Hills, the Anglo-German Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, and on the Continent, Paris, Rouen, and Dieppe are all excellently served by the L.B. and S.C.R.

### The Welsh Hills

The Great Western Railway are now running weekly excursions for varying periods to all parts of their extensive system up to the end of September. Full particulars are contained in the summer excursions programme, to be obtained at Great Western stations and offices, but it is worth while to mention some of the August Bank Holiday excursions, full particulars of which can likewise be obtained at the G.W.R. stations. Below is given a brief outline of the special facilities to be offered. The trips are for varying short or long periods. August 1; to Fairford, Cheltenham, Droitwich, Oxford, Stratford, Kidderminster, Evesham, Malvern, Worcester, Shrewsbury, and North Wales resorts; August 2 (night), to Bath, Bristol, Stroud Valley, Gloucester, Hereford, Cheltenham, Ross, Chester, Liverpool; August 3, West of England, including Taunton, Exeter, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Torquay, Paignton, Plymouth; day trips to Bath, Bristol, Clevedon, Weston-super-Mare, Stroud Valley, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Newbury, Devizes, etc.; half day trips to Bristol, Weston-super-Mare, Yeovil, Dorchester, and Weymouth.

### For Bracing Breezes

The facilities offered by the Great Eastern Railway embrace the following: Cheap excursions every Thursday to the principal towns in the Eastern Counties, every Friday to north-eastern stations and Scotland, and every Saturday to Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Lincolnshire and North-East watering-places. Week-end tickets to inland stations, which are ordinarily issued only from Saturday to Monday, will in connection with this holiday, be available to return on the Tuesday, and the availability of the Friday to Tuesday tickets to the seaside will be extended to Wednesday. Tourist and fortnightly tickets, available by any train and any day, also tickets for eight days by certain trains on Wednesdays, are issued to all the coast resorts. A large number of special and relieving trains will be run in order to meet the requirements of the extra traffic. Programmes, full information, and tickets can be obtained at any of the company's various City, West End, and other London offices, and any inquiry will be answered and illustrated and descriptive guides and programmes sent gratuitously upon application to the Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.


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The Ideal Glasses for all Sporting and Touring Purposes.

| | Magnification. | With Eyepiece Focussing. | With Central Screw Focussing. |
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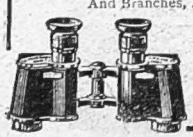

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it is essential that only the very best SHOWER-PROOFING should be used.

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TURKISH CIGARETTES

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Size 1 — 2/- for 25
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the extraordinary success of which is undoubtedly due to their Artistic Supremacy Reliability and Moderate Prices.
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After Sea Bathing—
Rough Towellings,
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**ANZORA CREAM**
"nice to use, not messy, nor greasy" says 'London Opinion' and keeps men's hair quite neat and tidy.
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**AT THE SEASIDE,** or in **OUTDOOR PASTIMES,** protect yourself against the annoyance and irritation of Mosquitos, Gnats, Midges, Sandflies, etc., by using **"MUSCABANE,"** which effectually repels these troublesome insects, and is also invaluable for roughness and redness of the skin. Of all Chemists, 1/3 per tube.
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AGE GUARANTEED BY CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
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Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.
**Hair Wavers.**

# The Editor's Box

### The G.C.R.

A number of important alterations are being made in the Great Central train service for the summer months, among the principal features being a through corridor breakfast, luncheon, and tea train, leaving Newcastle at 7.52 a.m., York at 10.23 a.m. for Nottingham, Leicester, Rugby, Oxford, Winchester, Southampton, and travellers to the Isle of Wight are provided with a through service *viâ* Lymington from the Great Central system. A similar train will leave Bournemouth at 11.20 a.m. with direct communication from the Isle of Wight, arriving York 7.37 p.m. and Newcastle 10.16 p.m. *Table d'hôte* luncheons and *à la carte* meals can be obtained at any time *en route*.

### A Railway Announcement

The Sleeping Car and International Express Trains Co. announce that the Engadine and Lucerne express is now running from Calais direct to Bale, Zurich, and Coire (for St. Moritz). The Carlsbad express is now running daily, with the usual cars from Ostend to Eger, Carlsbad, and Marienbad. The Vichy express also leaves Paris daily. A new sleeping car service now runs between Calais and Paris in connection with the 9 p.m. train from London, arrving in Paris at 5.50 a.m., and in the other direction leaving Paris after theatre time, *i.e.*, 30 minutes after midnight, and arriving at Charing Cross at 10.15 a.m. It is well to note that to avoid disappointment tickets should be taken in advance at the London offices of the Sleeping Car Co., 20, Cockspur Street, S.W.

### A New Treatment

It might be said with truth that not one person suffering from over-fatness would be content to remain stout if he were assured that a normal condition could be regained without in any way injuring or disturbing the bodily organs.

**Engelberg**

Some 3,315 ft. above sea-level, Engelberg is a delightful holiday centre, and is reached by the Swiss Federal Railway

Medical men condemn violent exercises, and there are very few external treatments which can do more than promote respiration of the skin. To disperse the fatty cells an internal treatment is required, but it cannot be too strongly emphasised that there should be medical guarantees with such a preparation. The highest guarantees I have seen associated with a preparation for obesity are those published by Dr. Deschamp in connection with an article called Iodhyrine. This preparation was given severe tests in hospitals by Dr. Boteano, Professor Lancereaux, Dr. Luis Sume Molist, Dr. Angel Mur, Dr. Civit, and many others. My readers will be pleased to hear that Iodhyrine is obtainable at all the high-class stores in this country.

### The "Exotique" Cigarettes

My attention has been drawn to the "Exotique" cigarette in the form of a box containing fifty of the Russian brand, one of which I am smoking as I scrawl. The flavour seems delicious, and the manufacturers, Messrs. Bargriff's of 35, Sackville Street, W., inform me that they will be pleased to forward a dainty sample of each grade to any reader of THE BYSTANDER who forwards his card and mentions the name of thi paper.

### Worth Supporting

May I be allowed to appeal again for help to send away governesses, typewriters, hospital nurses, secretaries, musicians, actresses, clerks, and ladies of gentle birth engaged in other professions, who for reasons of age and ill-health are out of work and have no means of providing holidays for themselves, yet who, without the possibility of earning money in the summer months, are left behind in London exposed to the sufferings attendant on poverty, whereas women of a rougher class are liberally provided for through various other holiday funds. All contributions should be sent to Miss Constance Beerbohm, 48, Upper Berkeley Street, W.

By Special Appointment to H.M. the King

FRANK COOPER'S "OXFORD" MARMALADE

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY "OXFORD."

SAMPLE JAR FREE on receipt of 3d. stamps for postage. Frank Cooper, Oxford.
KINDLY MENTION NAME OF YOUR GROCER.

HOW TO BECOME GRACEFUL
A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and HARMLESS method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Colonel's wife writes: "Your treatment is wonderful—my double chin has quite disappeared!" Doctor writes: "I am surprised at the difference you have made in my patient." This treatment reduced her waist 8in. Dozens of testimonials can be seen. Remember, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy, and MADAME ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of youth, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles.

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